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THE GRANVILLE SERIES

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No. v.

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The Granville Series.

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The Granville Series.

FIFTH READING BOOK.

INDUSTRY.

ab-so-lute, complete.

con-sumes, wastes ; destroys.

dis-charge, here means, to pay.

dis-eas-es, sicknesses.

the taxes, the charges made by the State for paying the cost of government and of the defence of the country.

prod-i-gal-i-ty, wastefulness.

squan-der, spend uselessly.

bail-iff, an officer who arrests men for debt, who collects fines, &c.

con-sta-ble, an officer who preserves public order ; a policeman.

1. Friends and neighbours, the taxes are indeed very heavy. If those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them ; but we have many others, much harder to bear for some of us.

2. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly : and from these



taxes the public officers cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing a reduction. However, let us listen to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves."

3. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or in doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or in amusements that amount to nothing.

4. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, really shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the key often used is always bright. Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of."

5. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the "sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave." "If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality;" since, as we are told, "Lost time is never found again;" and what we call "time enough," always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more, with far less trouble.

6. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but

Industry makes all easy ;" and he "that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night ;" while "Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him." "Drive thy business, let not that drive thee ;" and "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

7. If we are industrious we shall never starve ; for "At the working-man's house Hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter ; for "Industry pays debts, but Despair increases them." "Diligence is the mother of good luck," and "God gives all things to industry ; then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

8. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows ;" and further, "Have you somewhat to do to-morrow ? do it to-day." "If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle ? If, then, you are your own master, be ashamed to catch yourself idle."

9. Industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they'll follow you ;" "The diligent spinner has a large web ;" and, "Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow." But with our industry we must likewise be steady, and

settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others ; for—

“I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family;
That throve so well as those that settled be.”

10. “Three removes are as bad as a fire.”
“Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.” If you would have your business done, go ; if not, send.”

“He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.”

“The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.” “Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.”
“Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.”

11. “If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.” “A little neglect may breed great mischief.” “For want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of a shoe the horse was lost ; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy ;—all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.”

DAILY WORK.

feud, a long-standing quarrel. | which one's income is sufficient
com-pe-tence, a condition in | for one's needs.

1. Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,

Commits a folly and a crime :
 A soulless slave—
 A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
 Who will not give,
 That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

2. No ! Let us work ! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task :
 We have no quarrel with the great ;
 No feud with rank—
 With mill, or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
 To satisfy our daily need,
 And can retain,
 For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.
3. No dread of toil have we or ours,
We know our worth and weigh our powers,
The more we work, the more we win :
 Success to trade !
 Success to spade !
And to the corn that's coming in !
And joy to him, who o'er his task
Remembers toil is Nature's plan ;
 Who, working, thinks—
 And never sinks
His independence as a man.

4. Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health ;
And leisure, when his work is done,
To read his book,
By chimney-nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun.
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free :
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be !
-

A CHILD'S ANSWER.



1. I met a fairy child, whose golden hair
around her sunny face in clusters hung ; and

as she plucked the lilies white she sang her household melodies—those strains that bear the hearer back to Eden.

2. Surely ne'er a brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accent mild she answered, "Mother's." When I questioned "where her dwelling was?"—again she answered, "Home."

3. "Mother!" and "Home!" Oh, blessèd ignorance! or, rather, blessèd knowledge! What advance farther than this shall all the years to come, with all their lore, effect? There are but given two names of higher note, "Father," and "Heaven."

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

ex-quis-ite, extremely pleasing.

A-vo-ca, a beautiful valley in the County Wicklow, Ireland.

1. There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er
the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of
green ;



The Vale of Avoca.

- 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or
hill,
Oh no—it was something more exquisite
still.
3. 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my
bosom, were near,
Who made every scene of enchantment
more dear,

And who felt how the blest charms of
Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks
that we love.

4. Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I
rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I
love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace.
-

EXAMPLES OF HEROISM.

af-fec-tion-ate, loving.

Cor-nish mine, one of the
mines in Cornwall.

de-tach-ment, a party.

foun-der-ing, filling with
water.

gun-wale, the upper edge of
a ship's side.

in-ev-it-a-ble, not to be es-
caped from.

in-te-ri-or, the country away
from the sea.

ve-he-ment-ly, with great
force.

writhed, began to bend.

Mont-re-al, the largest city in
the Dominion of Canada. It
stands on an island in the
river St. Lawrence.

ar-ti-fi-ci-al pier, as though it
had been a stone pier built
by the hand of man.

I.

1. On the deck of a foundering vessel stood
a negro slave—the last man on board; he was
about to step into the life-boat at her last trip.
She was already loaded almost to the gun-
wale—to the water-edge.

2. Observed to bear in his arms what seemed a heavy bundle, the boat's crew, who had difficulty to keep her afloat in such a roaring sea, refused to receive him unless he came unladen and alone. He pressed to his bosom what he carried in his arms, and seemed loth to part with it. They insisted. He had his choice—either to leap in and leave that behind him, or throw it in and stay to perish.

3. He opened its folds, and there, warmly wrapt round, lay two children, whom their father, his master, had committed to his care. He kissed them; bade the sailors carry his affectionate farewell to his master, and tell how he had faithfully fulfilled his charge.

4. Then, lowering the children into the boat, which pushed off, the dark man stood alone on that sinking deck, and bravely went down with the foundering ship. Such arms slavery binds!—such kind hearts it crushes! A noble and touching example that, of the love that seeketh not her own!

II.

5. In the middle of the river St. Lawrence there is, nearly opposite to Montreal, an island called St. Helen's, between which and the shore, a space about three-quarters of a mile broad, the river runs with great rapidity; yet so cold is the weather in winter that then the river is always frozen over.

6. But in the spring the melting of the snow in the interior creates such a body of water as rapidly breaks up the ice, and sends it tumbling, crashing, thundering, onward to the sea. There is always danger in crossing just before this takes place, as there is no knowing the exact time at which the ice will break up.

7. On St Helen's island a small detachment of soldiers was stationed; and many of the soldiers, well wrapt up, were employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal. Suddenly a thundering noise announced to them that the breaking-up had begun.

8. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst into fragments, and the whole mass gradually moved downward, except a small portion which remained riveted to the shore of St. Helen's, like an artificial pier.

9. Just at that moment a little girl was seen on the ice in the middle of the river. She had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half-way when the ice all around her gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable; but a young sergeant distinctly uttered to himself, "Quick march!" and in obedience to the self-given command, he steadily struggled on toward her.

10. Sometimes just before him, sometimes just behind him, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up on end, and roll over, so as now and again to hide him altogether from

the view of those on shore. However, on he went until he reached the little island of ice on which the child stood, and firmly grasped her by the hand.

11. But meanwhile he had floated so far down the river that those on shore saw his movements only with the aid of spy-glasses. With these he could be seen sometimes leading the child; sometimes carrying her, sometimes halting, and then running; and so he continued until his comrades entirely lost sight of him.

12. Still on went the soldier and the child, until toward evening they were discovered by some Canadians, who at great risk humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them from their perilous situation.

13. The Canadians took them to their home, and in due time they returned them to St. Helen's. The child was happily restored to her parents, and the brave sergeant quietly returned to his barrack.

III.

14. In a certain Cornish mine, two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their work, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up.

15. But it chanced, while they were still

below, that one of them thought the match too long. Taking a couple of stones, he succeeded in cutting it to the required length; but, horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time!

16. Shouting vehemently to the man at the windlass, they sprang to the basket; but the windlassman could not move it with both the men in it. Here was a terrible moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death, hangs over them.

17. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack. Sit down—away! In one minute I shall be in heaven." Jack bounds aloft—the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over; but he is soon safe above ground.

18. Descending immediately afterwards, his friends find poor Will buried under rocks, which had arched themselves over him, but little injured. He had done a noble deed. Well done, brave Will! Let us try and be brave too.

FRIENDS.

1. Friend after friend departs:

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end:

Were this frail world our final rest,

Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

 3. There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And Faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.
-

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

com-mis-sion, business.
dis-creet, prudent ; cautious.
hig-gles, beats down the price.
mur-rain, a fatal disease.

sha-green, fish-leather.
sharp-ar, a cheat.
toi-let, getting ready.

1. As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife thought that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry us single, or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly ; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

2. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold,



Fitting out Moses for the Fair.

and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she; "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy





and sell to a very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

3. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I noticed his sister mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

4. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sister had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

5. I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him bring such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But as

I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box on his back."

6. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

7. "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles! with silver rims and shagreen cases."

8. "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims!" cried

my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

9. "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." "What!" cried my wife; "not silver! the rims not silver!" "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

10. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff;—if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

11. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A

reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

12. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

al-ien, foreign.
at-test-ing, bearing witness.
ca-denc-es, tones.
fra-ter-nal, brotherly.
rev-els, enjoying one's self.
rites, ceremonies.
strain, song.
tri-umph-ant-ly, with great
rejoicing.

the hearth, the stone on
which the fireplace stands.
by mount and shore, in
different parts of the country
or of the world.
the household chain. The
family is here compared to a
chain the members of which
are, as it were, linked to-
gether.

1. The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate, the fire
is quenched and gone,
That into happy children's eyes once brightly
laughing shone ;
The place where mirth and music met is
hushed through day and night ;—
Oh ! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that
there made light !

2. But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar
by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dis-
persed to meet no more ;
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each
other's joy or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—
alas, the lonely Hearth !
3. The voices that have mingled here now
speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the
songs their mother sung ;
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must
sound each household tone—
The Hearth, the Hearth is desolate, the
bright fire quenched and gone.
4. But are they speaking, singing yet, as in
those days of glee ?
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet
on earth or sea ?
Oh ! some are hushed, and some are changed
and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly
again ?
5. And of the hearts that here were linked by
long-remembered years,
Alas ! the brother knows not now when fall
the sister's tears ;

One haply revels at a feast, while one may
droop alone,—

For broken is the household chain, the bright
fire quenched and gone.

6. Not so—'tis not a broken chain ; thy me-
mory binds them still,
Thou holy Hearth of other days, though
silent now and chill :
The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by
thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy chil-
dren for thine own.
7. The father's voice, the mother's prayers,
though called from earth away,
With music rising from the dead their spirits
yet shall sway ;
And by the past, and by the grave, the
parted yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the
bright fire quenched and gone.
-

WHANG THE MILLER.

av-ar-ic-i-ous, grasping.
in-ti-mate, acquainted.
fru-gal-i-ty, care.
in-ti-mate, very friendly.

in-ter-vals, from time to
time.
af-flu-ence, riches.
rap-ture, great joy.

1. Whang the miller was naturally avarici-
ous ; nobody loved money better than he, or

more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man, in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine." But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

2. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing



but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and think over with much satisfaction. Yet, still, his gains were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he wished to be possessed of affluence.

3. One day, as he was thinking of these

things, he was told that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning.

4. "Oh that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slyly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

5. Such thoughts only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former carefulness; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

6. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a large pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground and covered with a big flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings.

7. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

8. Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire.

9. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

10. Away therefore he goes, and tells his wife of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined; they therefore speedily returned together to the place where Whang had been digging, and found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

THE TWO ANGELS.

som-bre, dark, gloomy.
at-ti-tude, position.
a-spect, appearance.
cel-es-ti-al, heavenly.

am-ar-anth, the unfading
flower.
asph-o-dels (daffodils), the
day-lily.

1. Two angels, one of LIFE and one of DEATH,
Passed o'er our village as the morning
broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and be-
neath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes
of smoke.
2. Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of
white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as
with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of
light.
3. I saw them pause on their celestial
way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt
oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou
betray
The place where thy beloved are at
rest !"



"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death."

4. And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's
shock.
5. I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.
6. The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard
God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.
7. Then with a smile, that filled the house
with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he
said ;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.
8. 'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at
mine,
The angel with the amaranthine
wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice
divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound
like Death.

9. Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features, fair and thin;
 And softly, from that hushed and darkened
 room,
 Two angels issued, where but one went in.
10. All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick
 and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo! He looks back from the departing
 cloud.
11. Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
 Without His leave they pass no
 threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing
 this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door?

VENTILATION.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

tier, a row.
pal-pab-ly, unmistakably.
pois-ed, balanced carefully.
ex-pands, grows larger.

ep-i-dem-ics, prevalent dis-
 eases.
en-gen-der-ed, produced,
de-vast-at-ed, laid waste.

1. **VENTILATION** means simply letting out
 foul air, and letting in fresh air; letting out
 the air which has been breathed by men, or
 by candles, and letting in air which has not.
 To understand how to do that, we must re-

member a most simple chemical law ;—that a gas as it is warmed expands, and therefore becomes lighter ; as it cools, it contracts, and therefore becomes heavier.

2. Now the carbonic acid in the breath which comes out of our mouth, is warm,



Rev. Charles Kingsley.

lighter than the air, and rises to the ceiling, and therefore in any unventilated room full of people, there is a layer of foul air along the ceiling. You might soon test that for yourselves, if you could mount a ladder and put your heads there aloft. You do test it for

yourselves when you sit in the galleries of churches and theatres, where the air is noticeably more foul than below.

3. In the old monkey-house of the Zoological Gardens, when the cages were on the old plan, tier upon tier, the poor little fellows in the uppermost tier always died first, of the monkey's constitutional complaint, consumption, simply from breathing the warm breath of their friends below. But since the cages have been altered, and made to range side by side, instead of from top to bottom, consumption, I understand, has vastly diminished among them.

4. The first question in ventilation, therefore, is to get this carbonic acid safe out of the room while it is warm and light and close to the ceiling; for if you do not, this happens—the carbonic acid gas cools and becomes heavier; for carbonic acid, at the same temperature as common air, is so much heavier than common air, that you may actually, if you are handy enough, pour it from one vessel to another.

5. So down to the floor this heavy carbonic acid gas comes, and lies along it, just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells, killing sometimes the men who descend into it. Hence, as foolish a practice as I know is that of sleeping on the floor; for towards the small hours, when the room gets cold, the sleeper on the floor is breathing carbonic acid.

6. How then shall we get rid of the foul air at the top of the room? After all that has been written and tried on ventilation, I know no simpler method than putting into the chimney one of Arnott's ventilators, which may be bought and fixed for a few shillings; always remembering that it must be fixed into the chimney as near the ceiling as possible. I can speak of these ventilators from twenty-five years' experience.

7. Living in a house with low ceilings, liable to become overcharged with carbonic acid, which produces sleepiness in the evening, I have found these ventilators keep the air fresh and pure. You would suppose that, as the ventilators open freely into the chimney, the smoke would be blown down through it in high winds, and blacken the ceiling; but this is just what does not happen.

8. If the ventilator be properly poised, so as to shut with a violent gust of wind, it will at other moments keep itself permanently open, proving thereby that there is an up-draught of heated air always escaping from the ceiling up the chimney.

9. If any person should question me: "Why make all this fuss about ventilation?" and say, "Our forefathers got on well without it," I must answer that, begging their pardon, our ancestors did nothing of the kind. Our ancestors got on usually very ill in these matters: and when they got on well, it was because

they had good ventilation in spite of themselves.

10. First : they got on very ill. To quote a few remarkable cases of long lives, or to tell me that men were larger and stronger in the old times, is to yield to the old fallacy of fancying that savages were peculiarly healthy, because those who were seen were active and strong. The simple answer is, that the strong alone lived on, while the majority died from the severity of their training. Savages do not increase in number ; and our ancestors increased but very slowly for many centuries.

11. Knowing something, as I happen to do, of the social state and of the health of the middle ages, I have no hesitation in saying that the average of disease and death was far greater than it is now. Epidemics of many kinds, typhus, ague, plague—all caused more or less by bad air—devastated this land and Europe in those days with a horrible intensity, to which even the choleras of our times are mild.

12. The back streets, the hospitals, the gaols, the barracks, the camps, every place in which any large number of people congregated, were so many nests of pestilence, engendered by uncleanliness, which defiled alike the water which was drunk and the air which was breathed ; and as a single fact, of which the tables of insurance companies assure us, the average of human life in England has increased twenty-

five per cent. since the reign of George I., owing simply to our more rational and cleanly habits of life.

13. But, secondly : I said that when our ancestors got on very well, they did so because they got ventilation in spite of themselves. Luckily for them, their houses were ill-built ; their doors and windows would not shut. It was because their houses were full of draughts, and, still more, in the early middle age, because they had no glass, and stopped out the air only by a shutter at night.

14. But now our doors and windows shut only too tight, and we have replaced the draughty and smoky, but really wholesome open chimney with its wide corners and settles, by narrow fireplaces and even by stoves. We have done all we can, in fact, to shut ourselves up from the outer air, and to breathe our own breaths over and over again.

15. We pay the penalty for it in a thousand ways unknown to our ancestors, through whose rooms all the winds of heaven whistled, and who were glad enough to shelter themselves from draughts in the sitting-room by the high screen round the fire, and in the sleeping-room by the thick curtains of the four-post bedstead, which is now rapidly disappearing before a higher civilisation. We therefore absolutely require to make for ourselves the very ventilation from which our ancestors tried to escape.

FLOWERS, THE STARS OF EARTH.

a-kin, related to.
cred-u-lous, believing.
eld, ancient times.
em-blems, representations.
fir-ma-ment, sky.
quaint, curious.
res-ur-rec-tion, rising from
 the dead.
rev-e-la-tion, making known.
seers, prophets.

se-ques-ter-ed, out of the
 way; lonely.
castled Rhine, the river
 Rhine is so called because of
 the number of castles on its
 banks.
as-tro-lo-gers, men who pro-
 fessed to foretell events by
 studying the position of the
 stars at certain times.

1. Spake full well, in language quaint and
 olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and
 golden,
 Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.
2. Stars they are, wherein we read our his-
 tory,
 As astrologers and seers of eld;
 Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which *they* beheld.
3. Wondrous truths, and manifold as wond-
 rous,
 God hath written in those stars above;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under
 us
 Stands the revelation of His love.
4. Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Writ all over this great world of ours,

Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden
flowers.

5. Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'er-
flowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn :
6. Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield :
7. Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to
drink :
8. Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes carved in stone :
9. In the cottage of the rudest peasant ;
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling
towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers :

10. In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like
 wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.
11. And with child-like credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand—
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

W A R .

THOMAS CARLYLE.

crafts, trades.
 pur-port, meaning.

jux-ta-po-si-tion, opposite to
 each other.

1. What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are chosen from time to time, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men.

2. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has reared and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois.

3. Nevertheless, among much weeping and

swearing, they are selected ; all dressed in red ; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain ; and fed there till wanted.



Thomas Carlyle.

4. And now to the same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending : till at length, after infinite effort the two parties come into actual juxtaposi-

tion ; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

5. Straightway the word " Fire " is given : and they blow the souls out of one another ; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

6. Had these men any quarrel ? Busy as the Enemy is, not the smallest ! They lived far enough apart ; were the entirest strangers ; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then ? Simpleton, their Governors had fallen out ; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.

THE DRUM.

ar-id, dry ; parched.
wold, open country ; pasture-land.

wrought, worked.
Che-vi-ot's hills, forming part
of the boundary between

England and Scotland.
They are famous for a
breed of sheep.

he is in his home again, he
dreams of home.

1. Yonder is a little drum, hanging on the wall ;

Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round
about it fall.

A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched
the sheep whose skin

A cunning workman wrought, and gave the
little drum its din.

2. Oh, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with
velvet verdure spread,
And pleasant 'tis among its heath to make
your summer bed ;
And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that
trickle to its vales,
And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the
passing gales :
And thus hath felt the shepherd-boy whilst
tending of his fold ;
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a
spot like Cheviot's wold.
3. And so it was for many a day;—but change
with time will come ;
And he (alas for him the day !)—he heard
the little drum !
“ Follow,” said the drummer-boy, “ would
you live in story !
For he who strikes a foeman down wins a
wreath of glory.”
“ Rub-a-dub !” and “ Rub-a-dub !” the drum-
mer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er
Cheviot wildly stray !
4. On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd
now is lying ;
Around him many a parching tongue for
“ Water !” faintly crying :
Oh, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with
velvet verdure spread,

Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft
he made his bed ;
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that
trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of
Cheviot's mountain gales !

5. At length, upon his wearied eyes the mists
of slumber come,
And he is in his home again—till wakened
by the drum !
“ Take arms ! take arms ! ” his leader cries ;
“ the hated foeman's nigh ! ”
Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and
thousands fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand :
“ Oh ! water—give me some !
My voice might reach a friendly ear but for
that little drum ! ”
6. 'Mid moaning men and dying men the
drummer kept his way,
And many a one by “ glory ” lured did curse
the drum that day.
“ Rub-a-dub ! ” and “ Rub-a-dub ! ” the drum-
mer beat aloud—
The shepherd died ! and, ere the morn, the
hot sand was his shroud.
And this is “ **Glory** ? ”—Yes ; and still will
man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but
a sound, and hollow !

PRIMEVAL MAN.

primeval man,
mankind in the
earliest ages.
en-or-mous, very
large indeed.
des-cend-ing, go-
ing down.
grad-u-al-ly, by
degrees.

1. Once up-
on a time, so
long ago that
no man can
tell when, the
land was so
much higher,
that between
England and
Ireland, and,
what is more,
between Eng-
land and Nor-
way, was firm
dryland. The
country, then,
must have
looked — at
least we know
it looked so in
Norfolk —
very like what
our moors
look like
here.



2. There were forests of Scotch fir, and of spruce too, which is not wild in England now, though you may see plenty in every plantation. There were oaks and alders, yews and sloes, just as there are in our woods now. There was buck-bean in the bogs, as there is in Larmer's and Heath pond; and white and yellow water-lilies, horn-wort, and pond-weeds, just as there are now in our ponds.

3. There were wild horses, wild deer, and wild oxen, those last of an enormous size. There were little yellow roedeer, which will not surprise you, for there are hundreds and thousands in Scotland to this day; and, as you know, they will thrive well enough in our woods now. There were beavers too: but that must not surprise you, for there were beavers in South Wales long after the Norman Conquest, and there are beavers still in the mountain glens of the south-east of France.

4. There were honest little water-rats too, who I daresay sat up on their hind-legs like monkeys, nibbling the water-lily pods, thousands of years ago, as they do in our pond now. Well, so far, we have come to nothing strange: but now begins the fairy tale.

5. Mixed with all these animals, there wandered about great herds of elephants and rhinoceroses; not smooth-skinned, mind, but covered with hair and wool, like those which are still found sticking out of the ever-

lasting ice-cliffs, at the mouth of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, with the flesh, and skin, and hair so fresh upon them, that the wild wolves tear it off, and snarl and growl over the carcasses of monsters who were frozen up thousands of years ago.

6. And with them, stranger still, were great hippopotamuses, who came perhaps northward in summer time, along the seashore and down the rivers, having spread hither all the way from Africa; for, in those days, you must understand, Sicily, and Italy, and Malta—look at your map—were joined to the coast of Africa: and so it may be was the rock of Gibraltar itself.

7. Over the sea where the Straits of Gibraltar now flow was firm dry land, over which hyænas and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses ranged into Spain, for their bones are found at this day in the Gibraltar caves, and this is the first chapter of my fairy tale.

8. Now while all this was going on, and perhaps before this began, the climate was getting colder and colder year by year—we do not know how; and what is more, the land was sinking; and it sank so deep that at last nothing was left out of the water but the tops of the mountains in Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales. It sank so deep that it left beds of shells belonging to the Arctic regions nearly two thousand feet high upon the mountain side.

9. And so

“It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.”

But there were no masts then to measure the icebergs by, nor any ship nor human being there. All we know is that the icebergs brought with them vast quantities of mud, which sank to the bottom, and covered up that pleasant old forest-land in what is called boulder clay; clay full of bits of broken rock, and of blocks of stone so enormous, that nothing but an iceberg could have carried them.

10. So all the animals were drowned or driven away, and nothing was left alive, perhaps, except a few little hardy plants which clung about cracks and gullies in the mountain-tops; and whose descendants live there still. That was a dreadful time; the worst perhaps of all the age of Ice: and so ends the second chapter of my fairy tale.

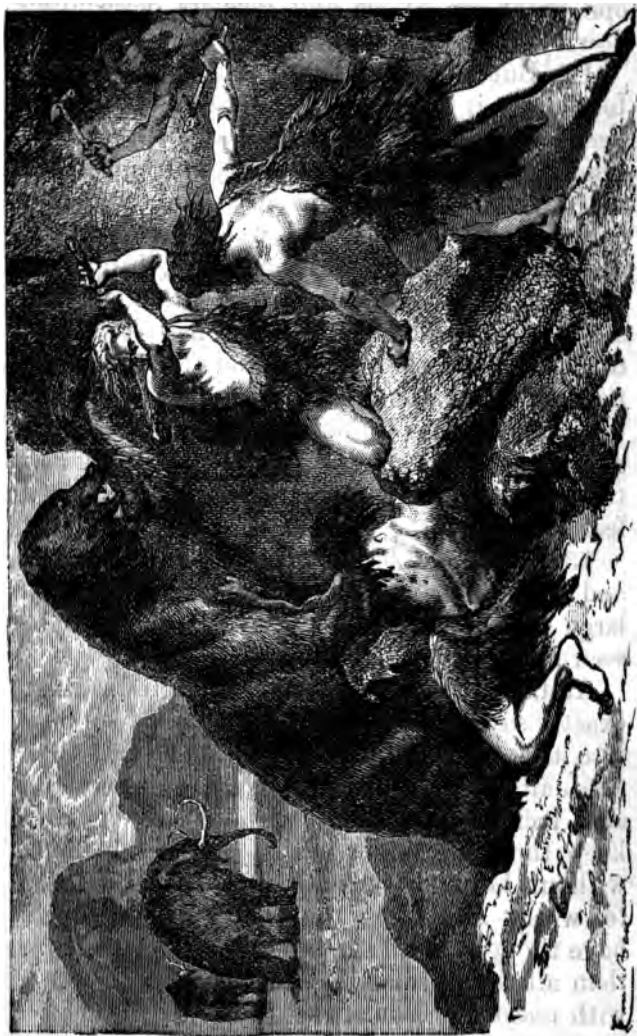
11. Now for my third chapter. “When things come to the worst,” says the proverb, “they commonly mend;” and so did this poor frozen and drowned land of England and France and Germany, though it mended very slowly. The land began to rise out of the sea once more, and rose till it was perhaps as high as it had been at first, and hundreds of feet higher than it is now: but still it was very cold, covered, in Scotland at least, with

one great sea of ice and glaciers descending down into the sea.

12. But as the land rose, and grew warmer, too, while it rose, the wild beasts which had been driven out by the great drowning came gradually back again. As the bottom of the old icy sea turned into dry land, and got covered with grasses, and weeds, and shrubs once more, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, oxen—sometimes the same species, sometimes slightly different ones—returned to France, and then to England (for there was no British Channel then to stop them); and with them came other strange animals, the great Irish elk, as he is called, as large as the largest horse, with horns sometimes fifteen feet across.

13. Enormous bears came too, and hyænas, and a tiger or lion (I cannot say which), as large as the largest Bengal tiger now to be seen in India.

And in those days—we cannot, of course, exactly say when—there came—first I suppose into the south and east of France, and then gradually onward into England and Scotland and Ireland—creatures without any hair to keep them warm, or scales to defend them, without horns or tusks to fight with, or teeth to worry and bite; the weakest you would have thought of all the beasts, and yet stronger than all the animals, because they were MEN, with reasonable souls.



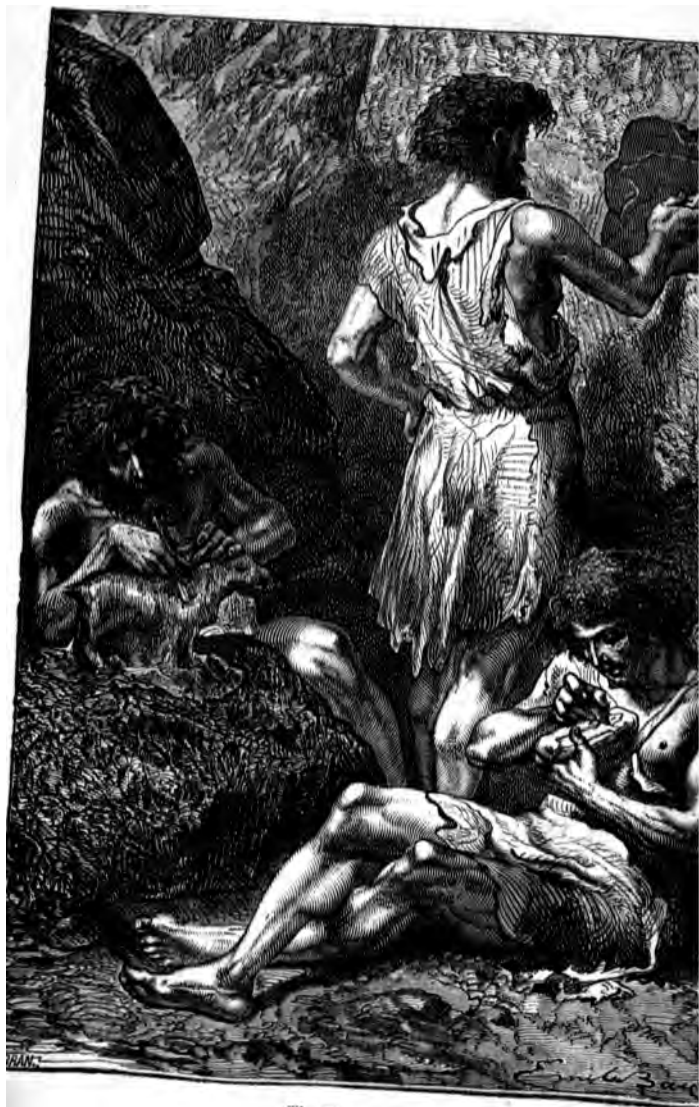
Primeval Man fighting with the Bear.

14. Whence they came we cannot tell, nor why ; perhaps from mere hunting after food, and love of wandering and of being independent and alone. Perhaps they came into that icy land for fear of stronger and cleverer people than themselves ; for we have no proof, none at all, that they were the first men that trod this earth.

15. But be that as it may, they came ; and so cunning were these savage men, and so brave likewise, though they had no iron among them, only flint and sharpened bones, that they contrived to kill and eat the mammoths, and the giant oxen, and the wild horses, and the reindeer, and to hold their own against the hyænas, and tigers, and bears, simply because they had wits, and the dumb animals had none.

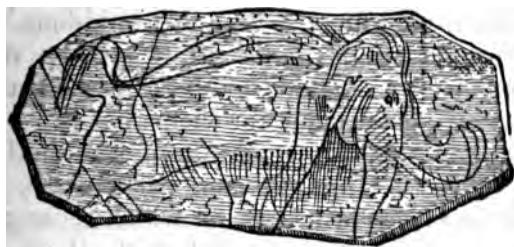
16. You may find the flint weapons which these old savages used buried in many a gravel-pit up and down France and the south of England. Most of their remains are found in caves which water has eaten out of the limestone rocks, like that famous cave of Kent's Hole at Torquay.

17. In it, and in many another cave, lie the bones of animals which the savages ate, and cracked to get the marrow out of them, mixed up with their flint weapons and bone harpoons, and sometimes with burnt ashes and with round stones, used perhaps to heat water, as savages do now, all baked together into a hard paste or breccia by the lime.



The First Artists.

18. These are in the water, and are often covered with a floor of stalagmite which has dripped from the roof above and hardened into stone. In these caves, no doubt, the savages lived; for not only have weapons been found in them, but actually drawings scratched (I suppose with flint) on bone or mammoth ivory, drawings of elk, and bull, and horse, and ibex; and one, which was found in France, of the great mammoth him-



self, the woolly elephant, with a mane on his shoulders like a lion's mane.

19. So you see that one of the earliest fancies of this strange creature called MAN was to draw, as you and your schoolfellows love to draw, and copy what you see, you know not why. Remember that. You like to draw; but why you like it neither you nor any man can tell.

20. It is one of the mysteries of human nature; and that poor savage clothed in skins, dirty it may be, and more ignorant than you happily) can conceive, when he sat scratch-

ing on ivory or on a piece of stone in the cave the figures of the animals he hunted, or modelling them in clay, was proving thereby that he had the same wonderful and mysterious human nature as you ; that he was the kinsman of every painter and sculptor who ever felt it a delight and duty to copy the beautiful works of God.

21. Sometimes, again, especially in Denmark, these savages have left behind upon the shore mounds of dirt, which are called there "kjökken-möddings," "kitchen-middens," as they would say in Scotland, "kitchen dirt-heaps," as we should say here down south ; and a very good name for them that is.

22. For they are made up of the shells of oysters, cockles, mussels, and periwinkles, and other shore shells beside, on which these poor creatures fed ; and mingled with them are broken bones of beasts, and fishes, and birds, and flint knives, and axes, and sling-stones ; and here and there hearths, on which they have cooked their meals in some rough way ; and that is nearly all we know about them : but this we know from the size of certain of the shells, and from other reasons which you would not understand, that these mounds were made an enormous time ago, when the water of the Baltic Sea was far more salt than it is now.

UP WITH THE DAWN!

for-est king, the oak-tree.
i-ron steed, the steam-engine.
joc-und, merry.
lep-ro-sy, a foul disease.

pale want, poverty ; hunger.
ty-rants, cruel rulers.
urns, vessels for holding the
 ashes of the dead.

1. Up with the dawn, ye sons of toil !
 And bare the brawny arm,
 To drive the harnessed team afield,
 And till the fruitful farm ;
 To dig the mine for hidden wealth ;
 Or make the woods to ring
 With swinging axe, and steady stroke,
 To fell the forest king ;

2. With ocean car and iron steed
 To traverse land and sea,
 And spread our commerce round the globe,
 As wind that wanders free.
 Subdue the Earth and conquer Fate,
 Outspeed the flight of Time :
 Old Earth is rich, and man is young,
 Nor near his jocund prime.

3. Work ! and the clouds of care will fly ;
 Pale want will pass away.
 Work ! and the leprosy of crime
 And tyrants must decay.
 Leave the dead ages in their urns :
 The present time be ours,
 To grapple bravely with our lot,
 And strew our path with flowers.

THE TOWN PUMP.

[SCENE.—The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.]

an-guish, torture of mind ;
grief.

boun-ti-ful-ly, liberally ;
richly.

con-sum-ma-tion, final end.

el-o-quence, flowing speech.

hos-pi-tal-i-ty, good treat-
ment of guests.

mo-nop-o-lise, to get the entire
and only right to a thing.

po-ta-tions, drinking.

re-luc-tant-ly, unwillingly.

ru-bi-cund, red-faced.

team-ster, the driver of a team
of cattle.

ap-pre-ci-at-ed, valued.

in-per-pe-tu-i-ty, for ever.

**co-gnac, hol-lands, jamai-
ca** (brandy, gin, and rum) :
each called after the place
most famous for its manufac-
ture.

the still, a machine used for
distilling spirits.

1. Noon, by the north clock ! Noon, by the east ! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it !

2. Among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump ?

3. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes.

4. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of

health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers confess me equal to the constable. Like a dram-seller on the public square, on a muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice :—

5. “Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen; walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! better than cognac, hollands, jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and nothing to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!”

6. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come.—A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat.—You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and the wells.

7. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night’s potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.—Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

8. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest man, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for anything half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water.

9. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again!

10. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, which have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle.

11. I hold myself to be the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our Earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

12. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolise the whole business of quenching

thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched that her squalid form may shelter itself there. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

13. Then there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close.

14. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough. Still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness; and I behold with certainty and joy the approach of the period when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our fathers' days, will be fully appreciated and recognised by all.

WHEN I WAS A TINY BOY.

<p>cast a look be-hind, to think upon the past. Frank-lin, Benjamin Franklin of the United States, noted</p>	<p>for his discoveries in elec- tricity. themes, exercises. se-rene, calm.</p>
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1. Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy;
My mates were blithe and kind!

No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind !

2. A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top, a joyous thing ;
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas ! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string !
3. My kite—how fast and far it flew !
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky !
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high.
4. No skies so blue or so serene
As then ;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree !
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me !
5. Oh for the garb that marked the boy !
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red ;
The crownless hat ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head !

6. When that I was a tiny boy
 My days and nights were full of joy ;
 My mates were blithe and kind !
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind !

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

clustered, crowded together.
Fre-de-rick, or Fredericks-
 burg, in Virginia, U. S.
 Here General Burnside was
 defeated (1862) by General
 Lee, in what was one of the
 fiercest battles of the war.

fall, autumn.

Lee, the heroic leader of the
 Southern forces in the
 American civil war, which
 commenced in 1861 and
 continued till 1865.

forty flags, &c. The Ameri-
 can flag was composed of
 thirteen bars or stripes
 alternately red and white,
 and thirteen white stars on

a blue ground. Hence the
 allusion to stars and bars.

Stonewall Jackson, an
 able general famous for his
 bravery. He received the
 nickname of "Stonewall"
 from the firmness with
 which his men resisted
 every attack. He was acci-
 dentally struck by a bullet
 fired by one of his own
 soldiers at the battle of
 Chancellorsville, 1863.

raid, invasion, expedition.

bier, a carriage or frame of
 wood, for bearing the dead
 to the grave.

sym-bol, emblem, sign.

1. Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
 Clear from the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
2. Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach-tree fruited deep ;
 Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.



"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.

3. On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain
wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,
4. Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.
5. Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down ;
6. In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;
7. Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.
“Halt !”—the dust-brown ranks stood
fast ;
“Fire !”—out blazed the rifle blast.
8. It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash,
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

9. She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
10. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
11. "Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;
12. All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host ;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well ;
13. And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night ;
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.
14. Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier !
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !
15. Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town !

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

dar-kens, becomes unable to see.

de-fac-ing, spoiling.

dirge, a funeral song.

knell-ing, sounding of a funeral bell.

lo-tus, a flower.

Nile, a river in Africa.

1. "Dear land of my birth, of my friends, of my love!
 Shall I never again climb thy mountains ;
 Nor wander at eve through the lone, leafy grove,
 To list to the dash of thy fountains ?
 Shall no hand that I love close my faint-beaming eye,
 That darkens 'mid warfare and danger ?
 Ah no ! for I feel that my last heaving sigh
 Shall pass in the land of the stranger.

2. "Then farewell, ye valleys, ye fresh blooming bowers,
 Of childhood the once happy dwelling ;
 No more in your haunts shall I chase the gay Hours,
 For Death at my bosom is knelling.
 But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
 To mark where a freeman is sleeping ;
 And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing wave,
 While the Arab his night watch is keeping."

3 "Twas a soldier who spoke, but his voice
 now is gone,
 And lowly the hero is lying;
 No sound meets the ear save the crocodile's
 moan,
 Or the breeze through the palm-tree
 sighing.
 But lone though he rests where the camel
 is seen
 By the wilderness heavily pacing,
 His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
 And his monument ne'er know defacing.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

so-na-ta—a short piece of music for an instrument only.

a-gi-ta-to—agitated.

Bohn, a town in Germany.

finale, the end.

im-pro-ise—to compose without any previous preparation.

in-ter-lude—a lighter piece of music played between two other parts.

1. It happened at Bohn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterwards sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F! Hark! how well it is played!"

2. It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then a voice of sobbing. "I

cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!" "Ah! my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

3. "You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use." Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said. "Go in!" I exclaimed; "what can we go in for?" "I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling, genius, understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

4. A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned towards us as we entered. "Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

5. The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed. "I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

6. There was something so odd in the whole

affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily. "Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music." "No music!" echoed my friend; "how, then, does the *fräulein*"——

7. He paused and coloured up, for as he looked into the girl's face he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

8. She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night.

9. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

10. The brother and sister were silent with

wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream and only feared to wake.

11. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

12. At length the young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?" The composer smiled. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

13. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!"

14. He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars.

15. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

16. This was followed by a wild elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then with a swift *agitato finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

17. "Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning towards the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

18. He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the fräulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

19. "Let us make haste back," said Beetho-

ven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

"Erin go bragh," Ireland for ever.	num-bers, poetic measures. ma-vour-neen, my dear.
---------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------

1. There came to the beach a poor exile of
Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight
repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad de-
votion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the
ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful
emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go
bragh.
2. "Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken
stranger;
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert
can flee,

But I have no refuge from famine and
danger,

A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green, sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend
the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven
flowers,

And strike to the numbers of Erin go
bragh!

3. "Erin, my country! though sad and for-
saken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet
me no more!

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can
chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

4. "Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild
wood?

Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my
childhood?

And where is the bosom friend, dearer
than all?

O my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without
measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

5. " Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can
draw,—
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her
motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the
ocean !
And thy harp-striking bard sings aloud with
devotion,—
Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh !
-

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

fer-vid, ardent, zealous.
al-ter-nat-ing, following in
turn.
cas-cade, waterfall.

man-u-script, a writing done
by the hand.
min-i-a-ture, small.
cel-e-brat-ed, well known.

1. The Lakes of Killarney are the most interesting and the most celebrated part of Ireland—a scene which far surpasses in natural beauty aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain ; for, with scarcely an exception, the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine, and the fervid admirers of the north-

ern English lakes, have yielded the palm to those of Killarney.

2. The three lakes have very distinct characteristics: the Lower Lake is studded with islands, all richly clothed with ever-greens; the Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains completely enclosing it; and the Middle Lake is noted for a happy mingling of both, yet in-



Innisfallen.

ferior to the one in grace and beauty, and to the other in majestic grandeur.

3. The romantic beauties of the Killarney Lakes were celebrated ages ago. In a very ancient poem they are classed as the "tenth wonder" of Ireland. The Irish name is Loch Lene, "the Lake of Learning," according to some authorities, a name by which it is still

known among the peasantry, and which it is presumed to have derived from the number of learned monks by whom its monasteries of Innisfallen, Mucross, and Aghadoe were at one time crowded.

4. The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains, and may be described as an immense reservoir for the several rivers that also flow into them, having received on their way the waters of innumerable tributary streams.

5. The only outlet for the waters thus collected is the narrow and rapid river Laune, a channel along which they proceed to the Atlantic through the beautiful Bay of Dingle.

6. The Upper Lake is somewhat more than two miles in length; it is in no place more than a mile in breadth; in circumference being about eight miles. It is narrow and straggling. The islands it contains, though small, are numerous and gracefully wooded; but its chief value is derived from the mountains—the most noticeable being “the Reeks”—by which it is on all sides surrounded, and which throw their dark shadows upon the water, so as to give it a character of gloom in perfect keeping with the loneliness of the scene.

7. The narrow and winding channel that leads from the Upper to the Middle Lake is

full of interest and beauty ; the water is clear and rapid, and on either side it is amply wooded. The Middle or Mucross Lake is more sheltered and less crowded with islands than the other lakes. Near it, on the peninsula of Mucross, is the far-famed abbey of that name. The great tributary to this lake is the



Muckross Abbey.

beautiful Torc cascade, supplied from a lake in the neighbouring mountain.

8. Tourists generally prefer the Middle Lake to either of its sister rivals. It is more cheerful, and in parts more beautiful ; but, as we have intimated, less graceful than the one, and far less grand than the other.

9. In the Lower Lake, there are about five-and-thirty islands, of all sizes and proportions, and nearly all of them are bountifully clothed in the richest verdure and foliage. The principal in extent and the most distinguished for beauty are Ross, Innisfallen, and Rabbit Island ; but among the lesser there are several



Ross Island.

that surpass even their grand neighbours in natural loveliness and grace.

10. Sweet Innisfallen receives from all tourists the distinction of being the most beautiful, as it is certainly the most interesting, of the lake islands. Its peculiar beauty is derived from the alternating hill and dale within its small circle ; the elegance of its miniature creeks

and harbours, and the luxuriance of its ever-greens.

11. It far surpasses in interest any one of its graceful neighbours, inasmuch as here, twelve centuries ago, was founded an abbey, of which the ruins still exist, from which afterwards issued the "Annals of Innisfallen," among the earliest and the most reliable of the ancient Irish histories. The original manuscript, preserved for centuries in this abbey, is now in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

THE POWER OF GOD.

fare-well beam, rays of the setting sun.	rows of trees forming an avenue.
vis-tas, the views between	youth-ful spring, the early spring.

1. Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
2. When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

3. When night with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
 plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;—
 That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

4. When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THE BATTLE OF CRECY. (A.D. 1346.)

Nor-man-dy, the district in the north-west of France. | **Gen-o-a**, a city in the north of Italy.

1. The next thing Edward did was to declare war against France. The French king, Charles IV., was dead, and he had no son ; and in France there can be no queens ; owing to a law called the *Salic* law, which says that women are not fit to govern a kingdom.

2. Two people claimed the crown of France. Edward, who was grandson to Philip the Hardy, through his mother Isabella ; and Philip of Valois, who was his cousin. The French chose Philip of Valois ; because, as they truly said, Edward's mother could not give him a right to the crown, when she had none herself.

3. Edward had to raise a great deal of money from the people for the French war. He took all the wool that was shorn that year, and raised a great deal from the clergy. Philip seized all the salt from his subjects ; and a great many jokes were made by the two



Battle of Crecy.

kings about these ways of raising money. Edward said that Philip ruled by the *Salic* law (*sal, sel, salt*) ; and Philip called Edward "the Wool-merchant."

4. Philip had a very large army. It was eight times as numerous as Edward's ; and he made sure of driving the English into the sea. The

two kings met near the little village of Crecy in Normandy; and Edward said that, though his army was so small, he would fight and trust in God.

5. Philip had been marching from Abbeville that morning, and his troops were straggling in great disorder. He would not stop to arrange them, but attacked the English as soon as he saw them, in great haste and anger. He had a large body of Genoese archers, whom he ordered to begin the battle.

6. It was a very awful sight. The sun was nearly eclipsed, so that a strange darkness came over the earth; great flocks of birds flew screaming over the armies; and it rained in torrents, with thunder and lightning. Amidst all this the little handful of English stood firm, feeling sure that God would fight for them.

7. The Genoese set up great shouts, and discharged their cross-bows. It is a noticeable fact that, though it is so long ago, the English showed then exactly the same character as they do now. *They stood quite silent*, and returned a volley of long arrows with such force that the Genoese gave way.

8. The Welshmen cut down as many as they could, and soon the Genoese were forced to fly.

The Black Prince was in the thickest part of the battle. Lord Warwick and Lord Oxford were taking care of him; and they sent to the king to ask for some help. The king asked if the

Prince was killed or hurt. They said "No."
"Then," said Edward, "he shall have no help



"You have shown yourself worthy of me and of the crown!"

from me. Let the boy win his spurs. He shall have the whole glory of the day."

9. Philip fought with the greatest bravery.

His brother and the Earl of Flanders were killed ; and John of Hainault at last took his horse by the bridle and led him off the field of battle by force. He escaped to Amiens with only a few soldiers and friends.

10. It was now quite dark. Edward ordered fires to be lighted, and his men to stand firm at their posts ; for he did not know that Philip had fled. At last he met his son ; and going forward to greet him, he cried : " Fair son, go on as you have begun ; you have shown yourself worthy of me and of the crown ! " But the Black Prince knelt down for his father's blessing, and said, very modestly, that all the merit he had was owing to his father, who had taught him so well.

11. It gave Edward much more pleasure to see his son so brave and modest, than it would have done to have gained all France.

The number of French who were killed was frightful. Eleven princes, 1200 knights, and 30,000 men were left upon the field of battle.

12. The King of Bohemia was one of the princes killed. He was quite blind ; yet he would go into the battle, as he said, " to have a stroke at the English. " He had his horse's bridle hooked to the bridles of four knights, who took care of him ; and they all rode together into the thickest part of the battle, and were killed.

13. The Black Prince admired his courage and devotion so much, that he took his crest

and motto for his own. It was three ostrich feathers, with the words "*Ich dien*" (I serve) written under them. This has ever since been the crest of the Prince of Wales.

ON GUARD.

1. At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadow wraps the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.
2. No roses bloom upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.
3. For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild, lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.
4. She prays for one that's far away,
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her *boy* and bless the Right!
5. Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

6. So guarding thus my lonely beat,
 By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
 That vision seems my view to greet,
 Of her at home who prays for me.
-

A TALK WITH SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

pe-dant, a person who makes a show of his learning.

te-di-ous, slow.

na-tur-al his-tory, the study of animals and plants.

pee-wit, a bird, so called from the cry it makes.

pros-pect, sight.

ra-tion-al, reasonable, sensible.

pur-suit, employment.

1. The first thing for a boy or girl to learn, after obedience and morality, is a habit of observation. A habit of using your eyes. It matters little what you use them on, providing it is good and you do use them.

2. They say "knowledge is power," and so it is; but only the knowledge which you get by observation. Many a man is very learned in books, and has read for years and years, and yet he is useless. He knows *about* all sorts of things, but he can't *do* them. When you set him to do work, he makes a mess of it. He is what is called a *pedant*; because he has not used his eyes and ears.

3. He has lived in books. He knows nothing of the world about him, or of men and their ways, and therefore he is left behind in the race of life by many a shrewd fellow who is not half so book-learned as he, but who is a

shrewd fellow—who keeps his eyes open—who is always picking up new facts, and turning them to some particular use.

4. Now, I don't mean to undervalue book-learning. No man less. All ought to have some of it, and the time you spend at school is not a whit too long; but the great use of a school-education is, not so much to teach you things, as to teach you how to learn. To give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after-life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind.

5. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

6. You know, as well as I, how one fellow will sit staring at his book for an hour without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour, and why? Because one has actually not *seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other fellow has simply, as we say, "looked sharp." He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

7. Therefore, I say, that everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about you, and especially of natural history. To be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come upon anything new—which is observation. To be quick at seeing when things are like, and when unlike—which is classification.

8. All that must, and I well know does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen. When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book, called "Evenings at Home," in which was a great story called "Eyes and No Eyes," and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

9. A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he hardly saw a single person. He had rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

10. "But where is William?"

Oh, William started with him, but he was

so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that he would rather walk alone, and so went on.

11. Presently, in comes Master William, dressed no doubt as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago, frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, a pair of low shoes—which always came off if stepped into heavy ground—and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had had such a pleasant walk in his life, and has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

12. He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a peewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and wet he got; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount, he looked for a Roman camp and found one; and then he went to the ruin, and saw twenty things more, and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

13. Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the

same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

14. Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way; "So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who had been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor.

15. "On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and the inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

16. And when I read that story as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I *will not* be Mr. No Eyes; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes, I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

17. Ah, my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually

tempted to sin, and shame, and ruin, by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves, and helping themselves forward in life: then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

smi-thy, a blacksmith's shop.

mus-cles, the fleshy parts of the body by which it moves.

brawny, strong, full of muscle.

tan, the bark of the oak-tree, means here that his face was very brown.

sex-ton, a man who has charge of a church, rings the bell, digs graves, &c.

thresh-ing-floor, the floor on which grain is threshed.

choir, a band of singers, the part in a church assigned to the singers.

toil-ing, working hard.

wrought, worked out, made.

an-vil, an iron block on which smiths hammer their work into shape.

1. Under a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat;
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;



You can hear him wield his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice :
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand, he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught ;
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought !
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

TO-DAY.

1. So here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.
 2. Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into eternity,
At night, will return.
 3. Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.
 4. Here hath been dawning
Another blue day :
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.
-

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

1. Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

2. Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.



3. Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning
When the summer-beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay.
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

4. Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.
5. Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away.
 Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
-

TOM BROWN AND ARTHUR.

nov-el-ty, newness.
 ab-lu-tions, washing.

ver-ger, the school-porter.
 shied, threw.

1. The little schoolboys went quietly to their own beds and began undressing, and talking to one another in whispers; whilst the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position.

2. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his

mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

3. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions.

4. On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees.

5. It was a trying moment for the poor, lonely, little boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

6. Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was to-

wards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

7. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow.

8. "Confound you, Brown! what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

9. What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed, and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gen'l'men."

10. There were many boys in the room, by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories

that chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking.

11. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed, and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside before he laid his head down on the pillow; and he cried as if his heart would break.

12. It was no light act of courage, in those days, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly. The first few nights after Tom came to school, he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out.

13. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass, that for the last year Tom had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

14. Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling was the sense of his own cowardice. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. He resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved to bear his testimony next morning.

15. Several times he faltered, as he thought



“And then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray.”

how his old friends would call him "Saint" and "Squaretoes," and a dozen hard names. However, he turned on his side and went to sleep, resolved to follow the impulse that had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

16. Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say; he was listening for every whisper in the room, — what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

17. At last, as if it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example.

18. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

"WAITING FOR MOTHER."

1. The old man sits in his easy-chair,
Slumbering the moments away,

Dreaming a dream that is all his own,
On this gladsome, peaceful day.
His children have gathered from far and
near,
His children's children beside,
And merry voices are echoing through
The "Homestead's" halls, so wide.

2. But far away in the years long flown
Grandfather lives again ;
And his heart forgets that it ever knew
A shadow of grief and pain,
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—
A matron comely and fair,
With her children gathered around his
board,
And never a vacant chair.
3. Oh ! happy this dream of the "Auld Lang
Syne,"
Of the years long slipped away !
And the old man's lips have gathered a
smile,
And his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow,
From his daughter's lips so true :
"Dinner is ready ; and, Father, dear,
We are *only waiting for you !*"
4. The old man wakes at his daughter's call,
And he looks at the table near.
"There's *one* of us missing, my child," he
says,
"We will wait till *Mother* is here."

There are tears in the eyes of his children
 then,
 As they gaze on an empty chair ;
 For many a lonely year has passed
 Since "*Mother*" sat with them there.

5. But the old man pleads still wistfully :
 " We must *wait for Mother*, you know !"
 And they let him rest in his old arm-chair
 Till the sun at last sinks low.
 Then, leaving a smile for the children here,
 He turns from the earth away,
 And has gone to "*Mother*," beyond the
 skies,
 With the close of the quiet day.
-

ON DRINKING.

re-so-lute, determined. | de-fi-ci-ent, wanting.

1. I don't like that red nose, and those bleary eyes, and that stupid, downcast look. You are a drunkard. Another pint, and one pint more ; a glass of gin and water, rum and milk, cider and pepper, and all the beastly fluids which drunkards pour down their throats. It is very possible to conquer it, if you will but be resolute.

2. I remember a man in Staffordshire who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the ale-house. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour his wife sitting alone, and in

tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections ; he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying.

3. "I don't like to tell you, James," she said, "but if I must, I must ; and the truth is,—my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me ; I must leave *you* to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on that bed before you ; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all that we should die ; and, in truth, I wish we were dead."

4. "Dead !" said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him ; "dead, Sally ! You and Mary, and the two young ones, dead ? Lookye, my lass, you see what I am now—like a brute. I have wasted your substance—the curse of God is upon me—but there's an end ; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife."

5. She gave it him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy ; and striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting vow to God, of repentance and sobriety.

6. From that moment to the day of his death, he drank no fermented liquor. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his

children were clad, his wife was happy ; and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the 14th of March, the day of James's restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety.

7. It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale ? It is a mere habit. If you have good nourishing food, you can do very well without ale. Nobody works harder than the Yorkshire people, and for years together there are many Yorkshire labourers who never taste ale.

8. Even if your wages should admit of a little indulgence at the beer-house, without the money you spend coming out of the stomachs of the poor children and depriving the wife of useful clothing, how much wiser would it be to save up for a rainy day,—to lay by for sickness and old age ?

9. Perhaps you say, "Oh, I only spend threepence a day in beer, and about a penny in tobacco !" Well, if so, you are in the moderate class of drinkers ; but have you ever thought what such a small sum, if only saved, would in the course of a few years amount to ?

10. That fourpence a day might make a world of difference to you in your declining

years ; instead of having perhaps to struggle with poverty, it would help to make your last days peaceful and happy. Fourpence a day invested in a good building society would in thirty years amount to over £400.

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

in-at-ten-tive, not noticing.
pro-ject-ing, pushing for-
ward ; jut-ting out.

con-cern-ed, caring.
phe-nom-e-non, strange ap-
pearance.

1. Close by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
Three Kittens sat; each Kitten looked aghast!
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three Kittens cast a careless eye ;
Not much concerned to know what they
did there,
Nor deeming Kittens worth a poet's care.
2. But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, " What's
this ? "
When lo ! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper long as Count de Grasse's queue.
3. Forth from his head his forkèd tongue he
throws,
Darting it full against a Kitten's nose ;
Who, never having seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse ;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, " Who
are you ? "



"Close by the threshold of a door napped fast, three kittens sat."

4. On to the hall I went, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe :
With which, well armed, I hastened to the
spot
To find the viper, but I found him not ;
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found ;
But still the Kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
5. " I hope," said I, " the villain I would kill
Hasslipped between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make despatch and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
(For longer now it should have been rehearsed
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.)
6. E'en there I found him: there the full-grown
cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat ;
As curious as the Kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
7. Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat,
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him never to come there no more!
-

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

1. I remember, I remember
The house where I was born—

The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

2. I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light ;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet !
3. I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.
4. I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

fam-i-li-ar, well known.

gen-er-a-tion, &c., age to age.

un-daunt-ed, fearless.

prox-im-i-ty, nearness.

1. Of all the wonderful instances of human courage on record, there is none more striking than that which is contained in the sad history of the loss of the *Birkenhead* troop-ship.

2. Like a familiar text-book used as an unfailing standard, and quoted from generation to generation, the devotion to duty under the most terrible circumstances displayed by the undaunted heroes who went down with the *Birkenhead*, will ever be held up as an example to be followed in all ages.

3. The *Birkenhead* was an iron paddle-wheel steamer, one of the finest of her class. She sailed from Queenstown, Ireland, on the 7th of January 1852, for the Cape of Good Hope, and took out a detachment of the 12th Lancers, and detachments of nine regiments of the line. In all, there were six hundred and thirty-eight persons on board, including the ship's company, and the wives and children of the soldiers.

4. She made a fair and prosperous voyage, sighted the Cape, and as she ran down the coast her passengers looked forward to a speedy release from the unpleasant confinement of her decks.

5. The evening was clear, the land was but a league distant, and the *Birkenhead* was

steaming at the rate of eight miles an hour, not dreaming of harm, and unaware of the proximity of danger.

6. Suddenly there was a blow that shook every one of the ship's timbers; the Birkenhead trembled from stem to stern, stopped, and began to sink. A rock, unknown to navigators, had found her out; and having pierced her side, thrust up its pointed head into the engine-room. A mass of water rushed in that must have at once drowned upwards of a hundred men, who were in their hammocks on the lower deck.

7. The rest of the troops and the officers thus startled from their sleep rushed on deck. There was alarm, but no confusion. Instantly, as though they had been waiting for the accident instead of waiting to go ashore, the ship's officers and the officers of the troops issued their necessary orders. The women and children were taken on the upper deck, and the soldiers were mustered there; while the sailors, in obedience to the captain's commands, lowered the ship's boats and made ready to go.

8. The boats being manned alongside, the women and children were handed into them, with such of the crew as were necessary to take them to the shore. Few, if any, of the soldiers who saw their beloved ones departing were able to go in the boats, for it was found that the utmost the boats could hold, without endangering the safety of their occupants, was but one hundred and eighty-four,

out of the total number of six hundred and thirty-eight on board.


9. The land was near; Simon's Bay, to which port the Birkenhead was bound, was close at hand; there was a chance that the boats might return before the final catastrophe came, or help might come at any moment from the port to which they were sailing.

10. Some there might have been who indulged in this hope, and who were sustained by it till it was rudely dashed to pieces; but the majority of the men knew that escape was all but impossible; that before the boats could return from their first trip, to say nothing of a second, all would certainly be over.

11. The force with which the ship struck had been so great as to drive the rock bodily into her; she was being pressed down by the weight of the water that had rushed in, and was showing signs of giving way amidships.

12. Not a murmur was heard from the soldiers as they stood at their death parade; no hint was there of unruliness, of selfishness, or complaint. With death staring them in the face, the men felt comfort in knowing that the women and children were beyond the reach of harm. The world's history presents no page on which a more glorious picture of heroism is to be found.

13. Some few solemn words of consolation, but none of earthly hope, were spoken by the colonel in command of the troops, and the



brave captain of the Birkenhead was not slow to second him in bidding the men resign themselves to their inevitable fate.

14. Soon the fatal moment came. The good ship which lay so badly wounded on the sharp spear that had pierced her could last no longer, she gave a few convulsive throbs, there was a cracking and a rending, and the Birkenhead parted in the middle, sinking in two pieces on either side of the rock.

15. Long ere the boats could get back to her from the shore, long before the news of her disaster could be told at Simon's Bay, the brave men who had unavoidably been left in her had been drowned in the sea or devoured by sharks. A very few—less than a dozen—saved themselves by swimming, or, by clinging to broken pieces of wreck, managed to reach the shore.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

cap-tur-ed, taken in war.

flank, side.

finch-ing, shrinking back.

re-pose, rest.

sleek, smooth, oily.

the Birk-en-head, a steam troop-ship, was wrecked near Simon's Bay, Cape of Good

Hope, in Feb. 1852, when

438 officers, soldiers, and seamen were lost.

trans-lu-cent, allowing light to pass through, but not transparent

great fierce fish, sharks.

1. Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,

The deep sea rolled around in dark repose ;

When, like the wild shriek from some
captured town,
A cry of women rose.

2. The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and
fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden
rock ;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when
through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

3. And ever, like base cowards, who leave
their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of
steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

4. So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent
glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst
for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

5. They tarried, the waves tarried for their
prey !
The sea turned one clear smile ! like
things asleep,
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay
As quiet as the deep.

6. Then, amidst oath, and prayer, and rush,
and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting
no reply,
Our colonel gave the word, and on the
deck
Formed us in line to die.
7. To die! 'twas hard whilst the sleek ocean
glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer
flowers:—
“*All to the boats!*” cried one:—he was,
thank God,
No officer of ours!
8. Our English hearts beat true, we would
not stir;
That base appeal we heard but heeded
not:
On land, on sea, we had our colours, sir,
To keep without a spot!
9. They shall not say in England, that we
fought
With shameful strength, unhonoured
life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.
10. So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;

Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship
sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

11. —What follows, why recall?—The brave
who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody
surf;
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.
12. They sleep as well ! and, roused from their
wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall
rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled
to save
His weak ones, not in vain.
-

DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

spec-ta-cle, sight.

tri-um-phant, rejoicing, as
one who had won a victory.

mar-tyr, one who dies for his
faith, or in some noble
cause.

King of Ter-ror, death.

flower of Eng-land's chi-

val-ry, the best of the
English knights or warriors.

boon, a favour or gift.

Ar-a-bi-an sands, the deserts
of Arabia, in Asia.

guile, deceit, treachery.

be-leagu-er-ed, besieged.

leagu-ed, joined.

A spectacle to heaven and earth, to men's and
angels' eyes,
Triumphant in the midst of pain, 'tis thus a
martyr dies ;

And like a loved and welcome friend the King
of Terror comes

To quiet souls that pine away in quiet village
homes.

But can the warrior's latest hours be calm and
pure as this,

And fresh from scenes of bloodshed can he pass
to realms of bliss?

And can the holy fruit of peace on field of
battle grow,

Where human passions wildly rage, still work-
ing human woe?

—O come with me to Zutphen's plain across
the Northern sea,

There Sidney falls, the fairest flower of Eng- 10
land's chivalry :

He quits the fatal battle-field, struck by a
mortal wound,—

See how his friends and followers come, in pity
gathering round !

His fevered lips are parched with thirst, his
sight grows faint and dim,

One drop of water were a boon beyond all
price to him.

No flower exposed to noonday heat upon some 15
scorched-up plain,

E'er longed so much for dewy night or grateful
summer rain ;

No traveller on Arabian sands amid the wil-
derness,

E'er yearned to reach some desert spring with
greater eagerness.

See, see ! it comes ! his languid head upon your
shoulders prop,
And let him drink the precious draught, re- 20
freshed by every drop.



Why stays he thus ? he will not taste, and with
averted eye,
Points to a fellow-soldier stretched upon the
ground hard by ;

“Take this and drink, O wounded man, thou
need’st it more than I!”
Then from th’ untasted flask his lips the suffer-
ing hero moves,
And on the soldier at his side bestows the²⁵
draught he loves;
Rejoicing, in the midst of pain and weakness,
that he can
To others’ sorrows bring relief, and cheer his
fellow-man.
O victor in a nobler strife than those of shield
and spear,
SIDNEY, thy hardest struggle and thy highest
praise is here!
A conquest o’er the love of self more worthy³⁰
of renown
Than his who takes by force or guile a long-
beleaguered town.
True manly valour shines most clear in love’s
celestial light,
And charity with courage leagued makes up
the perfect knight.
Whate’er our station, we may all herein be
like to thee,
There is no limit to the range of Christian³⁵
chivalry:
Though few can hope thy glorious deeds of
arms to imitate,
Yet all may follow thee in this, therein most
truly great:
Mindful of Christ our Saviour’s words, who
said, “Whate’er it be

That to the least of these ye do, ye do it unto Me."

A cup of water given in love, to servants of the Lord,
So blest by Him; the giver shall ne'er fail of his reward.

BEHIND TIME.

e-lapsed—passed by.

bank-rupt-cy—the state of being unable to pay just debts.

re-mit-tan-ces—money sent.

in-solv-ent—a debtor unable to pay his debts.

ma-tur-i-ty—becoming due.

re-prieve—a suspension or delay of punishment.

ig-no-min-i-ous—disgraceful, shameful.

cri-sis—a decisive point in an important affair.

1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated, for eight hours, on the enemy posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary

to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost; Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if they arrived, its credit, its honour, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

5. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been *behind time*.

6. It is continually so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations,

honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "*behind time*." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "*behind time*."

7. Five minutes, in a crisis, are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality*; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "*behind time*."

DELAY .

re-morse, grief.

| ad-journ-3d, put off.

1. Shun delays, they breed remorse ;
Take thy time while time is lent thee ;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee ;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.
2. Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure !
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure ;
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.
3. Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead ;

When he flees he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

UP-HILL.

1. Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long
day ?
From morn to night, my friend.
2. But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my
face ?
You cannot miss that inn.
3. Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in
sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that
door.
4. Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me, and all who
seek ?
Yes, beds for all who come.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

num-bers, verse or poetry.

goal, the place one is trying to reach; the end of a race-course.

dust thou art, &c., referring to the death of the body and its decay in the grave.

des - tin - ed, appointed, intended.

muf-fled drums: to deaden

the sound, drums are sometimes covered with crape, especially at soldiers' funerals.

bi-vou-ac, to pass the night on guard in the open air ready at a moment's call.

main, the ocean.

a-chiev-ing, performing our work or task.

1. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
2. Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.
3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day !
4. Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

6. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead ;
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !



7. Lives of great men, all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

8. Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, shall take heart again.
 9. Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
-

HOW WINDS ARE CAUSED.

per-pet-u-al, constant.
hur-ri-cane, a terrible storm.

spent bull-et, a bullet which
has bounded back from
something it has struck.

1. You know the globe, the model of the earth. I daresay there is one in the school-room. You know the two Poles, the North Pole and the South Pole, where it is always cold winter. You know the Equator, between the two Tropics, where it is always hot summer.

2. Near that Equator are the West Indies, where I was last year. Remember them, for there our south-west winds are made, and from thence they come. When I was there, I could see the south-west wind being made, day after day, and sent off to England.

3. Now, remember always that hot air is lighter than cold air ; for hot air expands, that is, swells, and spreads its atoms apart, and becomes more spongy, the hotter it grows ; while cold air contracts, that is,

shrinks, and closes its atoms together, and becomes more solid the colder it grows.

4. But if hot air is lighter than cold, then the hotter it is, the more it must rise into the sky, if it can ; and the colder it is, the more it must sink toward the earth.

Therefore, in the hot Tropics, the air must be always swelling and rising, while at the cold Poles it must always be shrinking and falling.

5. And what must happen then? That the hot air from the Tropics must always be flowing northward to the North Pole, and southward toward the South Pole, to fill up the space which the cold air leaves empty when it shrinks. For air, like water, is ready continually to flow in wherever it finds an empty space.

6. And so, if the earth stood still, there would be a wind always rushing towards the North Pole, and another wind always making towards the South Pole.

But there must be more than that. If only that went on, all the air would soon get to the Poles, and be packed up there ; and there would soon be too much air at the Poles, and too little at the Tropics.

7. Therefore the air from the Poles rushes back to the Tropics, to fill up the empty space left there ; and therefore there must be, if the earth stood still, a wind blowing down to the Tropics from each Pole, as well as a wind blowing up to each Pole from the Tropics,

that each may take the other's place, and keep up the balance.

8. Do you not quite understand? Why, you have seen the same thing happen, in little, a thousand times; and perhaps caught cold by it, too. For how does the cold air, if there be a fire in the room, stream in through an open window or through a crack, and so make a draught?

9. Because the fire heats the air in the room, and it becomes light, and flies away up the chimney, as the light hot air does towards the Poles. But that leaves too little air in the room; and therefore the cold air rushes in through the key-hole, and under the doors, and everywhere it can, just as the cold air rushes from the Poles to the Tropics.

10. So the mere difference of heat between the Tropics and the Poles would make two winds, even if the earth stood still.

11. But the earth does not stand still. It turns round on its axis, that is, on the Poles, once every twenty-four hours, to make day and night; and thus the course of the winds is altered, and instead of blowing due north and south, they blow usually north-east and south-west.

12. Now, you must attend to this; and, if you do not quite understand our explanation, try it for yourselves on the globe, till you do.

You all know that when you are travelling in a carriage your body is moving

on with the same speed as the carriage, and keeps that speed if you jump out, till you touch the ground and are stopped suddenly by it.

13. But if you jump out forward, the speed which your body has caught from the carriage will throw you on your face, if you do not take care; while, if you jump out backward—which I advise you never to do—the same speed will throw you on your back, and has stunned many a foolish person ere now by a tremendous blow on the back of his head.

14. Now let us apply that same law, or rule, to the air in the West Indies, at the Tropics.

The earth there is 24,900 miles round—that is called the circumference of the earth; and it turns round once every twenty-four hours, from west to east. Now, divide 24,900 by 24. What have you? $1037\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Therefore, every little atom of air at the Tropics is going eastward with the earth at the rate of more than 1000 miles an hour. But as the air travels north, the earth's circumference grows smaller the further north it gets.

15. That you may prove by yourselves, by measuring on the globe. But it all turns round in the same time—twenty-four hours. And therefore each spot on the globe is turning more slowly the further north it is.

16. But the hot air from the West Indies

keeps up to something of that tremendous pace of a thousand miles an hour eastward, with which it started; and therefore when it comes up to us here, it is going eastward much faster than we are, and when it gets as far north as St. Petersburg, much faster still—continually, as it were, catching us up, and passing us, in wind rushing from the west towards the east.

17. So it is travelling east as well as north; therefore it is travelling, on the whole, north-east. But we name the winds not by the quarter which they are going to, but by the quarter which they are coming from. And as the wind comes to us from south and from west, we call it a south-west wind.

18. Do you understand that? If you do, you will be ready to ask another question. Why is there not a perpetual hurricane here, such as no man or house could stand upright in, making England an empty desert?

19. The air is stopped continually by friction—that is, by rubbing against other air, and against the earth. The south-west wind comes up to us here like a spent bullet, wearied with its course through the air.

20. It has to fight its way up against the earth, with its hills and trees and houses all trying to stop it, and against the north-east winds too, which are rushing in exactly the opposite direction, and it is continually checked and baffled by them; and the fiercest gale which

we ever felt is but a little strip or flake of it which has, as it were, escaped, and run away for a few hundred miles.

21. But it will be soon tamed down and brought to reason, by thrusting and grinding against the north-east wind coming down from the icy regions of the Pole.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

an-ces-tral, belonging to one's
forefathers.
fan-es, churches.

ham-let, a small village.
rud-dy, red.

1. The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stand,



[Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !

The deer across the greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam ;
And the swan glides by them with the
sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

2. The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths, by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
The blessèd homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !



3. The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,

They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

4. The free, fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !
-

SUNDAY.

1. O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark but for thy light :
Thy torch doth show the way.
2. The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The working-days are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there,

Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

3. Man had straight forward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.
4. Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archèd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.
5. The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope :
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.
6. Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven !

TO THE CUCKOO.

blithe, gay.
 vision-ary, dreamy.
 in-vis-i-ble, cannot be seen.
 mys-tery, a thing hard to

understand from its being
 kept hidden.
 rove, wander.
 un-sub-stan-tial, without
 substance.

1. O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice :
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice ?



2. While I am lying on the grass,
 Thy twofold shout I hear ;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

3. Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

4. Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery ;

5. The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

6. To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen !

7. And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

8. O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place
That is fit home for thee !

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

can-o-pied, covered overhead.
en-vel-oped, covered in, en-
closed.

in-ces-sant, never-ending.
con-vul-sive-ly, by fits and
starts.

1. At length Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes.

2. Murat went forward, and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along; for a deserted city was the meagre prize for which such unequalled efforts had been made.

3. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and at once appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

4. The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of three hundred thousand people. The weary soldiers sank to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes.

5. Not the grand and beautiful palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and Oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the awful foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital.

6. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlours and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants.

7. This sudden desertion of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was setting over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—the *Burning of Moscow*.

8. Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Pretending to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction.

9. The marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards

the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

10. In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire; but the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" passed through the city.

11. The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments.

12. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest, that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving towards the Kremlin.

13. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames, struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

14. He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned—a day of tempest and of flame—and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace, and dropped down from fatigue.

15. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

16. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor.

17. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping suddenly, and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

18. But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon at last con-

sented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it; but they had passed still farther into the danger.

19. As Napoleon cast his eye round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on.

20. Half-suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger.

21. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes; canopied by flame, and smoke, and cinders; surrounded by walls of fire, that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome.

22. Those brave troops had often heard without fear the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle; but now they stood in

still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood affrighted and powerless.

23. When night again descended on the city it presented a sight, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing-up of stores of oil, tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky.

24. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces, glowing with a red heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in throngs through the streets.

25. Children, were seen carrying their

parents ; the strong, the weak ; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder which they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower ; and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it, and flee for their lives.

26. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear beyond description ! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

27. But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows.

28. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.

29. Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below.

30. Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them.

31. Said he, years afterward, "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

HONEST POVERTY.

gowd, gold.
birkie, a young fellow.
maunna fa', must not try.

hodden, coarse.
coof, fool.
gie, give.

1. Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by ;
 We dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
 The man's the gowd for a' that.
2. What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that ;

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—

A man's a man for a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The HONEST MAN, though e'er sae poor,
 Is KING O' MEN for a' that.

3. You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that ;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

4. A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that ;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

5. Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that—
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.



Thomas Campbell.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

sires, forefathers.

un-de-gen-er-ate, not having
lost their good qualities.**tro-phies**, memorials of victory.**Hamp-den**, a patriot of the
time of Charles I.**Rus-sell**, Lord Russell exe-
cuted in time of Charles
II.**Syd-ney**, beheaded in reign of
Charles II.

1. Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood;
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood,—

2. By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!
3. Yet remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the virtues of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.
4. What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?
5. Pageants! Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.
6. Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts!
7. We're the sons of sires that baffled
Harsh and hated tyranny:—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

B E E S.

ca-vi-ty, a hollow place.
dis-perse, scatter.

ab-do-men, the stomach.
in-dus-tri-ous, hard-working.

1. Suppose we go into a country garden one fine morning in May, when the sun is shining

brightly overhead ; we may see hanging from the bough of an old apple-tree, a black object which looks very much like a large plum-pudding. On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees, clinging to each other by their legs, each bee with its two fore-legs clinging to the two hinder legs of the one above it.

2. If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or under the roof of a house, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their honeycomb there. But as we do not wish to lose their honey, we will bring a hive, and holding it under the swarm, shake the bough gently so that the bees fall into it, and cling to the sides as we turn it over on a piece of clean linen, on the stand where the hive is to be.

3. And now let us suppose that we are able to watch what is going on in the hive. Before five minutes are over, the industrious little insects have begun to disperse, and to make arrangements in their new home. A number of large lumbering bees of a darker colour than the rest, will, it is true, wander aimlessly about the hive, and wait for the others to feed them and house them ; these are the *drones*, or male bees, who never do any work except during one or two days in their whole lives. But the smaller, *working bees* begin to be busy at once.

4. Some fly off in search of honey. Others walk carefully all round the inside of the hive to see if there are any cracks in it; and if there are, they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, or plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum called "propolis," with which they cement the cracks and make them air-tight. Others, again, cluster round one bee blacker than the rest, and having a longer body and shorter wings; for this is the QUEEN BEE, and she must be watched and tended.

5. But the largest number begin to hang in a cluster from the roof, just as they did from the bough of the apple-tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while, and you will see one bee come out from among her companions and settle on the top of the inside of the hive, turning herself round and round, so as to push the other bees back, and to make a space in which she can work.

6. Then she will begin to pick at the under part of her body with her forelegs, and will bring a scale of wax from a curious sort of pocket under her abdomen. Holding this wax in her claws, she will bite it with her hard, pointed, upper jaws, which move to and fro like a pair of pincers, then, moistening it with her tongue into a kind of paste, she will draw it out like a ribbon, and plaster it on the top of the hive.

7. After that, she will take another piece;

for she has eight of these little wax pockets, and she will go on till they are all exhausted. Then she will fly away out of the hive, leaving a small wax lump on the hive ceiling; then her place will be taken by another bee, who will go through the same movements. This bee will be followed by another and another, till a large wall of wax has been built, hanging from the top of the hive, only it has not any cells fashioned in it as yet.

8. Meanwhile the bees which have been gathering honey out of doors, begin to come back laden. But they cannot store their honey, for there are no cells made yet to put it in. So they just go and hang quietly on to the other bees, and there they remain for twenty-four hours, during which time they digest the honey they have gathered, and part of it forms wax and oozes out from the scales under their body. Then they are prepared to join the others at work, and plaster wax on to the hive.

9. And now, as soon as a rough lump of wax is ready, another set of bees begin to work. These are called the *nursing bees*, because they prepare the cells and feed the young ones. One of these bees, standing on the roof of the hive, forces her head into the wax, biting with her jaws, and moving her head to and fro.

10. Soon she has made the beginning of a round hollow, and then she passes on to make

another, while a second bee takes her place and enlarges the first one. As many as twenty bees will be employed in this way, one after another, upon each hole, before it is large enough for the base of a cell.

11. Meanwhile, another set of nursing bees have been working just in the same way on the other side of the wax, and so a series of hollows are made back to back all over the comb. Then the bees form the walls of the cells, and soon a number of six-sided tubes, about half an inch deep, stand all along each side of the comb, ready to receive honey or bee eggs.

12. The cells fit closely into each other; and even the ends are so shaped that, as they lie back to back, the bottom of one cell fits into the space between the ends of three cells meeting it from the opposite side. Upon this plan, the clever little bees fill every particle of space, use the least quantity of wax, and make the cells lie so closely together that the whole comb is kept warm when the young bees are in it.

13. As soon as one comb is finished, the bees begin another by the side of it, leaving a narrow lane between, just broad enough for two bees to pass back to back as they crawl along, and so the work goes on till the hive is full of combs.

14. As soon, however, as a length of about five or six inches of the first comb has been

made into cells, the bees which are bringing home honey, no longer hang to make it into wax, but begin to store it in the cells.

15. We all know where the bees go to fetch their honey, and how, when the bee settles on a flower, she thrusts into it her small tongue-like proboscis, which is really a lengthened under-lip, and sucks out the drop of honey. This she swallows, passing it down her throat into a honey-bag or first stomach, which lies between her throat and her real stomach, and when she gets back to the hive she can empty this bag and pass the honey back through her mouth again into the honey-cells.

16. But if you watch bees carefully, especially in the spring time, you will find that they carry off something else besides honey. Early in the morning, when the dew is on the ground, or later in the day, in moist, shady places, you may see a bee rubbing itself against a flower, or biting the bags of yellow dust or pollen which it contains.

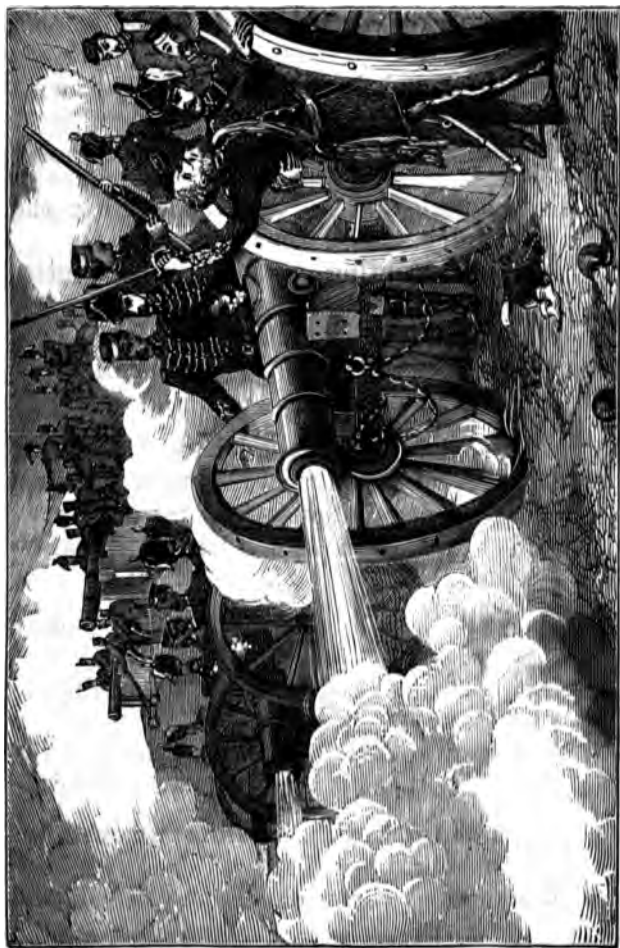
17. When she has covered herself with pollen, she will brush it off with her feet, and bringing it to her mouth, she will moisten and roll it into a little ball, and then pass it back from the first pair of legs to the second, and so to the third or hinder pair. Here she will pack it into a little hairy groove called a "basket," in the joint of one of the hind legs, where you may see it, looking like a swelled joint as she hovers among the flowers.

18. She often fills both hind legs in this way, and when she arrives at the hive, the nursing bees take the lumps from her, and eat it themselves, or mix it with honey to feed the young bees; or, when they have any to spare, store it away in old honey-cells, to be used by and by. This is the dark, bitter stuff called "bee-bread," which you often find in a honey-comb.

19. When the bee has been relieved of the bee-bread, she goes off to one of the clean cells in the new comb, and, standing on the edge, throws up the honey from the honey-bag into the cell. One cell will hold the contents of many honey-bags, and so the busy little workers have to work all day filling cell after cell, in which the honey lies uncovered, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food—unless there is any to spare, and then they close up the cells with wax for the winter.

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

1. "The battle, they say, will be lost or won
Ere our guns can be brought to the brow
of the hill;
But at least we can try—so forward all,
And work, my men, cheerily—work with
a will!"



“Just then our gallant old Colonel fell.”

2. It was thus, on a beautiful morn in May,
That our ruddy-faced, white-haired colonel
spoke.
The valley below us was bright with
spring,
The hills above us were dim with smoke.
3. Then muscle and sinew we strained to the
full;
We were panting and grimy and grim
with sweat;
But ever our colonel cheered us on,
With "Courage, my lads, we shall reach
them yet."
4. All silently striving, we laboured along;
The noise of the battle was loud in our ears;
One, one more effort—the guns are up,
And the soldiers greet us with frantic
cheers.
5. Ay, well they might! They were sorely
pressed,
But our guns had speedily something to
say;
And we watched our colonel quietly smile,
As he saw that his regiment saved the day.
6. Through the hostile columns we sent our
shot;
We marked them waver, and break and
fly:—
Just then our gallant old Colonel fell,
And oh, 'twas a beautiful death to die!

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

con-tin-ent, continued land.
o-a-ses, fertile tracts in the desert.

car-a-van, a company travelling together for mutual safety.

ex-pe-ri-enced, capable.

ra-di-a-tion, throwing off, viz., rays of heat.

mir-age, an optical illusion presenting an image of water in a sandy desert, or of a village in a desert as if built in a lake.

1. The most important group of deserts in the world is that of the SAHARA, which extends across the African continent from the shores of the Atlantic to the Valley of the Nile. This great area extends more than *three thousand* miles from east to west, and is, on an average, more than *six hundred* miles in breadth; it is, in fact, equal in size to two-thirds of Europe. In this region there is only one season—summer, burning and merciless. It is but rarely that rain comes to refresh these arid wastes.

2. Those districts of the Sahara which are without any oases present a truly awful aspect, and are fearful places to travel over. The path, which the feet of the camels have marked out in the vast solitude, points in a straight line toward the spot which the caravan wishes to reach.

3. Sometimes these faint foot-marks are again covered with sand, and the travellers are obliged to consult the compass, or examine the horizon. A distant sandhill, a bush, a heap of camels' bones, or some other signs which the practised eye of the Tuarik

alone can understand, are often the only means by which the road is known.

4. Vegetation is rare, as it is without the moisture which it requires ; the only plants to be seen are the artemisia, thistles, and thorny mimosas ; in some sandy districts there is a complete absence of all kinds of vegetation. The only animals to be found in the desert are scorpions, lizards, vipers, and ants. During the first few days of a journey across these sandy plains, some few individuals of the fly tribe accompany the caravan, but they are soon killed by the heat of these dreadful regions.

5. The intense radiation of the great white or red surface of the desert dazzles the eyes ; in this blinding light every object appears to be clothed with a strange and sombre tint. Sometimes the traveller, while sitting upon his camel, is seized with a kind of brain fever, which causes him to see the most fantastical objects in his delirious dreams.

6. Even those who retain the entire possession of their senses and clearness of their vision, are beset by distant visions of the *mirage*—palm-trees, groups of tents, shady hills, and sparkling cascades seeming to dance before their eyes in a kind of misty vapour. When the wind blows hard, the traveller's body is beaten by grains of sand, which penetrate even through his clothes, and prick like needles.

7. Stagnant pools or wells, dug with great



The Mirage.

labour in some hollow, from the sides of which oozes out a scanty and brackish moisture, point out, each day, the end of the stage. But often this unwholesome swamp, at which they hoped to be able to regain their energies, is not to be found, and the people of the caravan must content themselves with the tainted water with which they filled their flasks at the last stage.

8. Terrible stories are also told, by the side of the watch-fires, of caravans being overtaken, when amid the sand-hills, by a sudden storm of wind, and completely buried under the moving masses ; they also tell of whole companies losing their way in the deserts of sand or rocks, and dying of delirium after having undergone all the direst tortures of heat and thirst. Happily, such adventures are very rare.

9. Caravans, when led by an experienced guide, and protected by treaties and tribute against the attacks of plundering Arabs and Berbers, nearly always arrive at the end of their journey without having undergone any other sufferings than those caused by the dreadful heat, the want of good water, and the coldness of the nights ; for the nights which follow the burning days in the Sahara are, in general, very cold.

10. In fact, the air of these countries being entirely destitute of watery vapour, the heat collected during the day on the surface of the

desert is, owing to the rapid radiation, again lost in space during the night. The feeling of cold produced by this waste of heat is most acute, and especially so to the chilly Arab. Not a year passes without ice forming on the ground, and white frosts are frequent.

11. In all those countries in the Sahara where the water gushes out in springs, or descends in streams from some group of mountains, there is an *oasis* formed—a little green island—the beauty of which contrasts most strikingly with the barrenness of the surrounding sands.

12. These oases, compared by the ancient geographer Strabo to the spots dotted on the skin of the leopard, are very numerous, and perhaps make altogether an area equal in extent to one-third of the whole Sahara.

13. In the greater part of this region the oases are arranged in long regular lines in the middle of the desert.

Thanks to this distribution of them, like beads on a necklace, the caravans dare to venture into the solitudes of the Sahara, their stages being all marked out beforehand by the patches of verdure which in turn rise on the horizon, and show them which way to go.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

1. Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gath'ring multitude
That shrunk to hear his name ;
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground ;
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.
2. Vainly but well that chief had fought—
He was a captive now ;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.
3. Then to his conqueror he spake—
“ My brother is a king ;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring ;
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.”
4. “ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.

- A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave
In lands beyond the sea."
5. Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crispèd hair.
6. "Look ! feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold—
And say that I am freed.
Take it ; my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play
And ask in vain for me."
7. "I take thy gold ; but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.
8. His heart was broken—crazed his brain ;
At once his eye grew wild—

He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled.
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands ;
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands—
 The foul hyena's prey.



John Ruskin.

ABOUT BOOKS, AND HOW TO READ THEM.

JOHN RUSKIN.

a-pa-*thy*, listlessness, careless-
 ness, want of feeling.

e-phe-me-*ral*, of a day ; exist-
 ing for a short time only.

1. I want to speak to you about books, and

how to read them. We all of us wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, and according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

2. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the 'sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity, and bound within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only partially open for a very short time.

3. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice, or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly; we may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered perhaps with words worse than silence, being deceptive. And yet, these momentary chances we covet; while, meantime, there is a society always open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;

talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them.

4. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience but to gain it—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our book-case shelves—we make no account of, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

5. You may think that the apathy with which we regard this company who are praying us to listen to them, is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest. I admit that this motive does influence us, so far as we prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so-called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time.

6. The good book of the hour—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's pleasant talk would be.

7. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling; firm fact-telling, *by the real agents concerned in the events of*

passing history;—all these books of the hour are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to take the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

8. A book is not a talked thing but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The author has something to say which he feels to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and sweetly if he may; clearly, at all events.

9. This is the piece of true knowledge or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever, saying, "This is the best of me; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of human inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

10. Books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men. These are all at your choice. This court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, numerous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty.

of every place and time. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish. This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to *labour* and to *merit*, but to nothing else.

11. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living philosopher may explain his thought to you with considerable pain; but here we do not interpret—you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognise our presence.

12. If the author is worth anything, you will not get at his meaning all at once. Not that he does not say what he means in strong words, but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it.

13. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, for it is a

thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it.

14. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without these tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and most patient fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. Therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly that you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable; nay, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real care—you are for evermore, in some measure, an educated person.

16. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this care. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly.

17. An ordinarily clever and sensible sca-

man will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar.

18. Let, then, the accents of words be watched, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished will do the work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another.

THE THREE FISHERS.

har-bour bar, a sand-bank at the entrance of a harbour.

squall, a sudden storm.

night-rack, a night mist or

vapour. The term is often used by the old masters; Shakspeare says in the "Tempest," "Leave not a rack behind."

1. Three fishers went sailing away to the
West,
Away to the West as the sun went
down;
Each thought on the wife who loved him
the best,
And the children stood watching them
out of the town.
For men must work, and women must
weep,

And there's little to earn, and many to
keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

2. Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked
at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up
ragged and brown :
But men must work, and women must
weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters
deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.
3. Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down ;
And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands
For those who will never come home to
the town :
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to
sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.
-

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

a-vert, to keep off.
alo-gan, the war-cry of a Highland clan; also the tune to which it is set.
sap-pers, those who sap or undermine.
at-ti-tude, position.
ar-rest-ed, checked, prevented.
bar-ri-ca-des, barriers, defences.
can-non-ade, firing of great guns.

com-pos-ed-ly, collectedly.
con-ver-sa-tion, conference.
de-liv-er-ance, relief, rescue.
ex-cite-ment, agitation.
in-ces-sant, unbroken.
pe-cul-i-ar, singular.
per-il-ous, dangerous.
pre-vail-ed, existed.
re-mov-ing, clearing away.
re-strain-ed, pent up, repressed.
sur-vive, outlive.

1. Lucknow is a large city on the banks of the river Goomty, in British India. It was garrisoned by British troops in the summer of 1857, and besieged by the native rebels, with a force many times as large as the garrison.

2. These natives, or sepoys, were very cruel, and if they could have got into the city, would have put all the men, women, and children to a dreadful death.

3. They had advanced their batteries and mines so far that it was evident to all the poor people in Lucknow, that in a very short time the city must fall, and the work of death must begin, unless relief should come.

4. And relief was coming, though they did not know it. The brave General Havelock, with twenty-five hundred men, was coming to drive away the blood-thirsty enemy; but amid the roar and smoke of the cannonade, nothing could be heard or seen.

5. "On every side," says a lady who was present, "death stared us in the face. No human skill could avert it any longer. The engineers told us that soon all would be over. We women strove to encourage one another, and to perform such light duties as we could.

6. "I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement; and at last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down, wrapped up in her plaid, on the ground.

7. "She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.

8. "Suddenly I was roused by a wild scream close to my ear; and my companion started upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

9. "A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed—'Do you not hear it? I'm not dreaming! I hear the slogan of the Highlanders! We're saved!'

10. "Then kneeling down she prayed with passionate fervour. I was bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery,

and I thought my poor Jessie was raving ; but she darted to the batteries, and cried to the men—‘Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan—the slogan of the Macgregors. Here’s help at last!’

11. “The soldiers ceased firing, and all listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of musketry.

12. “A few moments more of suspense, and Jessie, who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line,—‘Will ye believe it *now*? The slogan of the Macgregors has ceased indeed ; but it is now the slogan of the Campbells. Do ye hear? Do ye hear?’

13. “At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of deliverance in the distance : the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of relief ; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact that the Campbells were coming.

14. “That sharp, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on

the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise help to friends.

15. "Never, surely, was such a scene as that which followed. All fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then they arose, and from a thousand lips rang out a great shout of joy. We were saved."

16 Havelock had resolved, when he started in the morning, to relieve the anxiously waiting garrison that night, or not survive the attempt; and the soldiers, who at first were glad to obtain a moment's rest, became impatient at delay. They had fought their way for nearly a hundred miles to rescue their besieged comrades with their wives and children, and they could not rest till they thundered at the gates of their prison.

17. The garrison in the meantime were anxiously listening for their arrival. They had heard the heavy firing in the morning, and noticed that there was a great sensation in the city. Towards noon they could see the smoke of battle as it rolled upwards over the houses; and a little later, people hurrying out of the city, carrying bundles of clothes on their heads, followed by large bodies of cavalry and infantry. Although the enemy kept up a steady fire upon them, they were too excited to pay much heed to it, but listened with beating hearts to the heavy cannonade as

it wound hither and thither through the streets.

18. By four o'clock some officers on the look-out reported that they saw, far away, near a palace, a regiment of Europeans and a bullock battery. Soon after, the rattle of musketry was heard in the streets. While they stood listening, a rifle-ball went whistling over their heads, and never before was the sound of a bullet so sweet to the ear. It was a voice from their friends, and whispered of deliverance. Five minutes later, and the Highlanders were seen storming through one of the principal streets; and although they dropped rapidly under the fire from roofs, windows, and doors, there was no faltering.

19. Then the long-restrained excitement burst forth in cheer upon cheer—"from every fort, trench, and battery—from behind sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer." The thrilling shouts penetrated even to the hospital, and the wounded crept out into the sun, a ghastly throng, and sent up their feeble voices to swell the glad shout of welcome!

20. The conversation between Outram and Havelock was long and earnest. The former was at first firm in his opinion that they should remain in the palace-court and other sheltered places till morning, and Havelock as thoroughly determined to push on. He said that the

garrison might even then be exposed to the final assault; and if it were not, that the enemy could bring together such a force around them before morning that it would be almost impossible to advance. At length it was agreed to leave the wounded, the heavy guns, and a portion of the army behind, and with only two regiments, the 78th Highlanders and the Sikhs, to attempt to reach the Residency.

21. Outram had been wounded in the arm by a musket-ball early in the morning; but though faint from loss of blood, he refused to leave the saddle, and even now would not dismount. Enduring as he was bold and chivalric, he resolved to accompany Havelock, and share with him the danger, and, if need be, death, in this last perilous advance to the relief of the garrison.

22. Everything being ready, these two gallant commanders put themselves at the head of the slender column, and moved out of the place of shelter. As soon as they entered the street, the houses on either side shot forth flame; while, to prevent the rapid advance of the troops, and hold them longer under the muzzles of their muskets, the enemy had cut deep trenches across the street, and piled up barricades.

23. Passing under an archway that streamed with fire, the gallant Neill fell from his horse—dead. His enraged followers halted a

moment to avenge his death; but the stern order of Havelock, "Forward!" arrested their useless attempt, and the column moved on. Each street as they entered it became an avenue of flame, through which it seemed impossible for anything living to pass. Every door and window was ablaze, while an incessant sheet of fire ran along the margin of the flat roofs, which were black with men.

24. At each angle batteries were placed, and as soon as the head of the column appeared in view the iron storm came drifting down the street, piling it with the dead. The rattling of grape-shot and musket-balls against the walls and on the pavement was like the pattering of hail on the roof of a house! From out those deep avenues the smoke arose as from the mouth of a volcano, while shouts and yells rending the air on every side made still more appalling the night, which had now set in.

25. Between those walls of fire, through that blinding rain of death, Havelock walked his horse composedly as if on parade, his calm, peculiar voice now and then rising over the din of battle. That he escaped unhurt seems a miracle, for in the previous eleven hours he had lost nearly one-third of his entire force, while of the two other generals one was dead and the other wounded.

26. At length the gate of the Residency was reached. A little time was spent in removing the barricades, during which the bleed-

ing column rested, while the moon looked coldly down on the ruins by which they were surrounded. When the passage was cleared, the soldiers, forgetting their weariness, gave three loud cheers, and rushed forward.

27. Cheers without and cheers within, cheers on every side, betokened the joy and excitement that prevailed, while over all arose the shrill pipes of the Highlanders. The "column of relief" and the garrison rushed into each other's arms, and then the officers passed from house to house to greet the women and children. The stern Highlanders snatched up the children and kissed them, with tears streaming down their faces, thanking God they were in time to save them.

The anxiously-waiting garrison.—The mutiny broke out at Lucknow, the chief town in Oude (*Ood*), on the 30th of May 1857. As many of the English as could reach it, took refuge in the Residency, which the rebels began to besiege on 1st of July. The garrison was relieved by Outram and Havelock, as described in this lesson, on the 26th of September. Havelock then retired, leaving Outram in command, and the siege by the rebels recommenced. Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), accompanied by Havelock, attacked the rebels in Lucknow on the 18th of October, and, after a week's fighting, succeeded in finally rescuing the garrison. Havelock died of dysentery at a suburb of Lucknow on October 25th, aged 62.

The Sikhs.—Natives of the Punjab, Northern India, who were conquered by the British in 1849. During the mutiny of 1857 they remained faithful to the British, and helped materially to subdue the rebellion.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

pib-roch, the warlike music of
the Scotch bagpipes.

In-di-an ti-ger, here refers to
the Indian soldier or sepoy.

Goom-tee, the tributary of the
Ganges on which Lucknow
stands.

1. Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !
2. Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.
3. Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
“ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day ! ” the soldier said ;
“ To-morrow death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”
4. Oh, they listened, looked, and waited
Till their hope became despair ;

And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
“Dinna ye hear it ? dinna ye hear it ?—
The pipes o’ Havelock sound !”



5. Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—

As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

6. Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear.
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call :
"Hark ! hear ye no' Macgregor's,—
The grandest o' them all !"
7. Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the pipers' blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
"God be praised !—the march of Have-
lock—
The piping of the clans !"
8. Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild Macgregor clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !
9. Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,

Breathed the air to Britons dearest—
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
 And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

10. Dear to the corn-land reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played !

ON STUDIES.

or-na-ment, that which adorns
 or makes beautiful.
ex-e-cute, to perform.

ex-pert, quick, clever.
con-temn, despise.
ob-ser-va-tion, taking notice.

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in the quiet of private life ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment, and disposition of business : for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and arranging of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. *To spend too much time in studies, is*

sloth ; to use too much for ornament, is pretence ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience : for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty men contemn studies ; simple men admire them ; and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to *weigh* and *consider*.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested ;—that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

5. Reading maketh a *full* man ; conversation a *ready* man ; and writing an *exact* man : and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

6. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy,

deep ; moral philosophy, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Indeed there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies ; like as diseases of the body may, by appropriate exercises.

7. Bowling is good for the back ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head and the like : so, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics ; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again.

8. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the disputations of the schoolmen ; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to beat and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases : so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

THE CHARM O THE SEASONS.

1. 'There's a charm in spring,
When everything
Is bursting from the ground,
When pleasant showers
Bring forth the flowers,
And all is life around.
2. In summer's day
The fragrant hay

Most sweetly scents the breeze,
And all is still,
Save murmuring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.

3. Old autumn come,
With trusty gun
In quest of birds we roam ;



Unerring aim,
We mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.

4. A winter night
Has its delight—
Around old stories go ;
A winter's day,
We're blithe and gay—
Snipe-shooting in the snow.

5. A country life,
 Without the strife
 And noisy din of town,
 Is all I need ;
 I take no heed
 Of splendour and renown.
6. And when I die,
 Oh, let me lie
 Where trees above me wave ;
 Let wild flowers bloom
 Around my tomb—
 My quiet, country grave.
-

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

im-preg-na-ble , that which cannot be taken by force.	em-u-lous , desirous of equaling or excelling.
ple-beians , common people.	gar-ter , a distinguished order of knighthood established by Edward III.
ca-pit-u-late , to give in, to surrender an army or garrison on certain conditions.	en-sign , token, sign.
ex-pe-di-ent , course, plan of action.	con-sum-mate , made perfect, completed.
sal-li-ed , rushed.	suc-cours , supplies.

1. Edward III., after the battle of Crecy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved useless to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat

down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.

2. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of trials the citizens resolved to attack the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth ; the English joined battle ; and after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of low birth but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

3. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded ; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly :—

4. "My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our children, our wives, and our daughters to the tender mercies of the cruel

soldiers. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid, on the one hand, the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you ; or, on the other hand, the desolation and horror of a sacked city?

5. "There *is*, my friends—there *is* one expedient left! A gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any one here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people!"

6. He spoke. But a universal silence prevailed. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed:—"I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous for this martyrdom, than I can be: though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Count Vienne imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely! I give it cheerfully! Who comes next?"

7. "Your son!" exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. "Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed. But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes!"

8. "Your kinsman!" cried John d'Airc.

"Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant.
"Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant.
"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not *I* a citizen of Calais!"

9. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who now wished to follow so noble an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

10. Before they left, however, they asked permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! What a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell down before them. They groaned, they wept aloud, and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city and was heard throughout the English camp.

11. The English by this time were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; loading them with as

much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with provisions by the way.

12. At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed.

13. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which the devoted men had themselves put about their necks, as marks of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

14. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny. "They are not only the principal men of Calais—they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

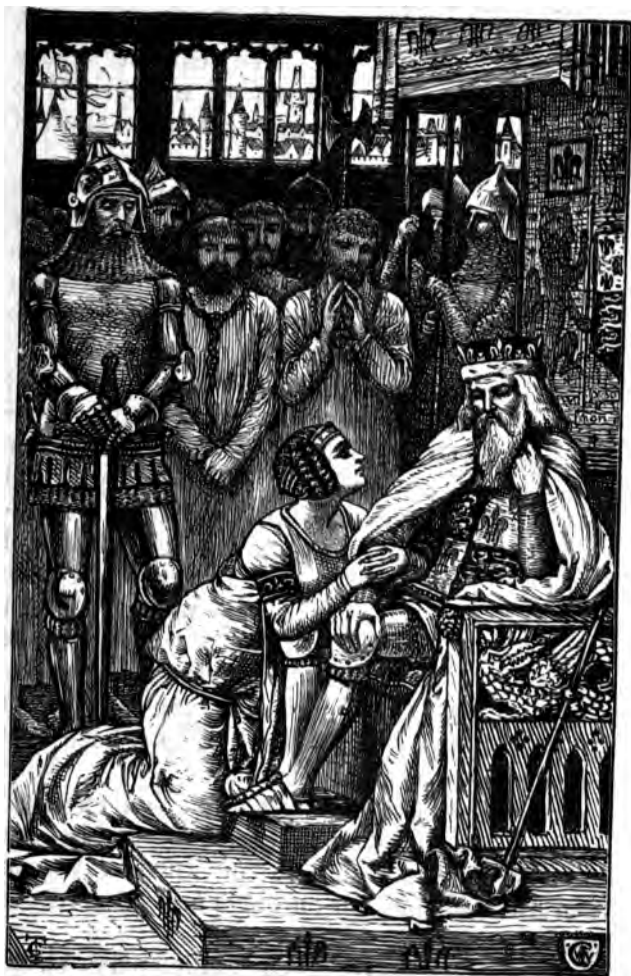
15. "Were they delivered peaceably?" asks Edward; "was there no resistance, no commotion, among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord. The people would all have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their in-

estimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

16. Edward was secretly vexed at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and kept down his anger. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown that kindness only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is most necessary to compel subjects to submission, by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

17. At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

18. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer would be to *them* a stage of *honour*, but a stage of *shame* to Edward, a reproach on his conquests, an indelible disgrace to his name.



Queen Philippa pleading for the Burghers.

19. "Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires.

20. "In the place of that death by which their glory would be complete, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

21. "I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so!" replied Edward. "Prevent the execution; have them instantly before us." They came; when Queen Philippa, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—

22. "Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais! You have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance. But you have acted up to the best of an erring judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we have so long been kept out of our rightful possessions.

23. "You noble burghers! You excellent citizens! Though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel for you nothing on our part save respect and affection.

24. "You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from

the scaffold ; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or of station ; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those whom the Almighty informs with feelings like yours are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

25. " You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, to your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem.

26. " Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation ; and for this purpose we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

27. " Ah, my country ! " exclaimed St. Pierre ; " it is *now* that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our *cities* ; but Philippa conquers our *hearts* ! "

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

stal-wart, brave.

ac-cord, grant.

burgh-ers, people of the town
or borough.

Sir John de Vienne, the
governor of Calais.

noble, a coin worth 6s. 8d.

1. Edward the Third of England,
A mighty prince was he ;

To win the town of Calais
He hath crossed o'er the sea,
With all his gallant nobles
And all his soldiers brave ;
They were a stately party
To ride upon the wave.

2. Around the walls of Calais
They waited many a day,
Till the king's right royal spirit
Grew weary of delay ;
But a mightier than King Edward
Assailed those steadfast men—
The slow strong hand of Famine
Was closing on them then.

3. The governor of Calais,
A stalwart knight was he,
For his king and for his country
He had fought right valiantly :
But he found his valour useless,
And he saw his soldiers die ;
So he came before the English,
And spake with dignity :

4. " What terms, what terms, King Edward,
What terms wilt thou accord,
If I yield this goodly city
To own thee for its lord ? "
King Edward gave him answer—
His wrath was very hot—
" Ye rebel hounds of Calais,
Your crimes I pardon not.

5. "Six of your richest burghers
As captives I demand,
On every neck a halter,
A chain on every hand ;
And when their lives have answered
For this their city's crime,
Then will I think of mercy ;
Till then it is not time.
6. "Be silent, all my nobles ;—
And thou, Sir John de Viennue,
Come with six wealthy burghers,
Or come thou not again."
The king he spake so fiercely,
That no one dared reply ;
Sir John went back to Calais
Slowly and mournfully.
7. The warriors and the burghers
He summoned to his hall,
And he told King Edward's pleasure
Full sadly to them all :
"My friends and fellow-townsmen,
Ye hear the tyrant's will ;
We had better die together,
And keep our city still."
8. There was silence for a moment,—
They were feeble, they were few ;
But one spirit was among them
Which nothing could subdue ;
Out cried a generous burgher,
"Oh ! never be it said

That the loyal hearts of Calais
To die could be afraid !

9. "First of the destined captives
I name myself for death,
And in my Saviour's mercy
Undoubting is my faith."
The name of this true hero
Ye should keep with reverend care ;
Let it never be forgotten—
It was Eustace de St. Pierre.
10. Five other noble merchants
Their names that instant gave,
To join with generous Eustace
Their countrymen to save.
Their comrades wept around them,
Tears for such parting meet ;
And they led those willing captives
To stern King Edward's feet.
11. They came in brave obedience
To Edward's fierce command ;
On every neck a halter,
A chain on every hand.
Now when the king beheld them,
Right fiery grew his eye,—
"Strike off their heads!" he thundered ;
"Each man of them shall die!"
12. But forth stepped Queen Philippa,
The gentle, good, and fair ;

She kneeled before King Edward,
And thus she spoke her prayer :
" My loving lord and husband "—
"Twas thus the fair queen spake,—
" Grant me these generous captives,
Oh, spare them for my sake ! "

13. The king looked long upon her :
 " I would thou wert not here !
Yet I refuse thee nothing,
 Because thou art so dear. "
Up sprang that joyous lady,
And eagerly she bade
That they should loose the fetters
 Upon those captives laid.
14. From round their necks she loosened
 The cruel halter's band ;
To each a golden noble
 She gave with her own hand :
She bade them be conducted
 Back to their native place,
To friends, and wives, and children,
 To the joy of their embrace.
15. Oh, out then spake King Edward :
 " How different are our parts !
I may win fair cities,
 But my queen, she winneth hearts.
God bless thee, sweet Philippa ;
 And mayest thou ever be
As dear to all the English
 As now thou art to me ! "

TUBAL CAIN.

Tu-bal Cain was the son of
Lamech, and was a worker
in brass and iron.
when earth was young, at
the beginning of the world.
wield, to use with full com-
mand, to manage well.

spoils of the forest, animals
taken in the chase.
kind, kindred, relations.
brooding, sadly thinking,
meditating.
ore, the mineral in its natural
state before smelting.

1. Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them
well,
For he shall be king and lord!"
2. To Tubal Cain came many a sire,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for the strong steelblade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons, sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
Hurrah for the metal true!"

3. But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men with rage and heat
Made war upon their kind ;
That the land was red with blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, " Alas that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man, whose joy
Is to slay his fellow-man ! "
4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe,
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handi-
work ! " —
And the red sparks lit the air, —
" Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made ! "
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.
5. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on
the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands ;

And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
 Our stanch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough
 To him our praise shall be!
 But while oppression lifts its head
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword."

RE-VISITING THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

mor-ti-fi-ed, greatly annoyed.
un-mol-est-ed, undisturbed.
mute, silent.
in-vol-un-tar-il-y, without in-
 tending it.
as-so-ci-a-tions, incidents con-
 nected with the place.
ma-tu-rer, older, ripper.

nur-tur-ing, feeding.
lux-ur-i-ant, rich.
in-ter-red, buried.
pros-tra-ted, lay down.
in-cum-bent, lying upon.
lev-i-ty, lightness, fun.
ep-i-taphs, inscriptions on
 tombstones.

1. A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon; after a slight breakfast at my inn, where I was mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again—old Thomas Billet, he has often made angle-rods for me when a child—I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

2. Our old house was vacant, and to be sold; I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled

down on the spot where my little bed had stood : I felt like a child ; I prayed like one. It seemed as though old times were to return again. I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew ; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun when I awoke on a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

3. I visited by turns every chamber ; they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold : I touched the keys ; I played some old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music, blended with a sense of unreality, which at last became too powerful—I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

4. I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood that stands at the back of the house ; we called it the Wilderness. A well-known form was missing that used to meet me in this place ; it was thine, Ben Moxam, the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family.

5. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing for

which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam, that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees. I remember them sweeping to the ground.

6. I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place ; its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking which has accompanied me to maturer years.

7. In this Wilderness I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood ; the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon—all as I had left it ; my heart softened at the sight.

8. My parents were both dead ; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. I paced round the Wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that state of innocence in which I had wandered in those shades.

9. I returned with languid feelings to my inn. I ordered my dinner, green pease and a sweetbread : it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my birthdays. I was impatient to see it come upon the table ; but when it came I could scarce eat a mouthful—my tears choked me.

10. After dinner I visited the churchyard

where my parents were interred. I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again; my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending: a plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it, for they both occupied one grave.

11. I prostrated myself before the spot; I kissed the earth that covered them; I contemplated with gloomy delight the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs, and kneeled with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer, for I could not speak.

12. Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects. Still I continued in the churchyard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralising upon them with that kind of levity which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind in the midst of deep melancholy. I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, Where be all the bad people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children, what cemeteries are appointed for these?

13. Do they not sleep in consecrated ground—or is it a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their lifetime, discharged the offices of life perhaps but

lamely? Their failings, with their reproaches,
now sleep with them in the grave. Man wars
not with the dead. It is a trait of human
nature, for which I love it.

LOVE THY MOTHER.

mirror back, return.

| stroke, the stroke of death.

1. Love thy mother, little one !
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one !
2. Gaze upon her loving eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her loving eyes !
3. Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow !
4. Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn,
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn !

THE THERMOMETER.

ther-mom-e-ter, an instrument for measuring the degree of heat.
de-gree, measure or extent.

ac-cu-ra-cy, with exactness.
sen-sa-tion, feeling.
as-cer-tain-ing, finding out.

1. The degree of heat in any substance is called its temperature, which varies from time to time, according to circumstances. Boiling water, for example, contains so much heat that it scalds the skin; but when removed from the fire, the water gradually becomes less and less warm, until at last it contains so little heat that it cools the hand instead of scalding it.

2. The thermometer is used to show whether one thing is warmer or colder than another, and how much warmer or colder. The name simply means *heat-measurer*.

You can all tell whether anything is warm or cold; at least, you think you can. But strange as it may seem, we cannot always trust the accuracy of our sensations.

3. Here is a way of ascertaining:—Fill three glasses with water—the first with cold water; the third with very hot water; and the second, or middle one, with water only lukewarm.

Put one finger into the hot and another into cold water, and keep them there for a little time. Then plunge both into the lukewarm water. The finger from the cold bath will find the change pleasantly warm, whereas

the finger from the hot glass will find it as pleasantly cool.

4. A person comes into a warm room from the open air on a cold day, and exclaims, "How warm it is here!" Another person enters the same room from one still warmer, and cries, "How cold it is here!" The first person gains heat, and therefore calls the room warm; the second loses heat, and calls it cold; while, in reality, the air of the room, all the while, is at the same degree of temperature.

5. A nurse prepares water for a child's bath, and measures the heat by the feeling of her hand; but she learns from the quick and sudden cry of the child, when placed in the bath, that what seemed warm to her is cold to the child.

6. These examples show that our sensations are not always a true test of temperature; and thus, if we wish to measure heat and cold accurately, we must have some instrument made for the purpose. Such an instrument is the thermometer.

7. It was long ago noticed that bodies expand, or swell out, when they are heated; and that they contract, or shrink into less bulk, when they are cooled. This led to the construction of the thermometer; for to measure the expansion or contraction of a



substance is the same as to measure the quantity of heat that has produced this effect.

8. The thermometer is a fine glass tube with a bulb blown at one end of it. It is nearly filled with a liquid. The liquid most generally used is that lively, silvery-looking metal, quicksilver; or, as it is often called, mercury. This liquid metal is found to be very sensitive to changes of temperature. It is therefore a suitable means for measuring heat and cold.

9. The thermometer tube is sealed up, not with sealing-wax, but by melting the glass at the end.

After the thermometer is made, it requires to be marked, in order to note the rising or falling of the mercury, and thus to show how much one body is warmer or colder than another. This marking is called its *scale*.

10. The little spaces you see on the thermometer are called degrees, and marked with a little circle thus ($^{\circ}$). Hence 32° is read thirty-two degrees.

The scale of a thermometer can either be marked on the glass itself, which is the neatest and most exact plan; or it can be marked on a piece of wood, metal or some other substance fixed to the side of the tube.

11. The first thing to be done for the scale-marking is to fix, if we can, upon two points that never alter. Now it has been found out that ice melts always at the same degree.

That is fixed point number one. Secondly, that water boils at a certain uniform heat. That is fixed point number two.

12. Accordingly, our thermometer is first plunged into water in which ice is melting, and the tube is marked where the top of the mercury then stands. After this, the instrument is put into a steam bath, and again marked according to the position of the mercury.

13. The space between these two fixed points is divided in different ways. In France they have divided it into 100 equal parts, which is a very handy mode of division. In Germany they use a scale divided into 80 equal parts.

14. In England, the plan is again different. About 150 years ago a German, named Fahrenheit, divided the space between the two fixed points into 180 equal parts. Accordingly, the English thermometer has as many degrees as the French and German scales put together.

15. One end of the proper scale of all three is the melting point of ice, the other the boiling point of water.

You would naturally suppose that at the ice-melting point you would see zero (0) marked, to begin the scale. And so you do in the French and German thermometers. But on the English scale you see the number 32° marked. And this is the reason.

16. Fahrenheit thought he had found out the greatest degree of cold. He marked the thermometer one extremely cold day in Iceland, and put a nought, or zero, at that point. He had no idea of anything colder.

Now the ice-melting point is 32° above this zero. So 32° became our number for the melting-point of ice. The mercury can also be brought down to zero by placing it in a mixture of snow and salt.

17. The melting point of ice is generally the same as the freezing point of water. This is why you see "*Freezing Point*," and not "*Ice-melting Point*," marked at 32° on Fahrenheit's scale.

You remember that the space between the two fixed points on this scale is divided into 180 parts. Now 180 added to 32 make 212, which is the point at which water generally boils according to our long scale.

18. I will mention a few other points on this scale:—*Temperate Heat*, which means neither very hot nor very cold, is marked 55°; *Summer Heat*, 76°; the natural warmth of our blood, or *Blood Heat*, is 98°. If you were to put the bulb of a thermometer under your tongue, you would find it always marked about 98°, whether you felt cold or hot.

19. Mercury is not the only liquid used for filling the tubes of thermometers. Very often the thin lively liquid called alcohol, or spirit of wine, is used. Now alcohol has

never yet been frozen ; therefore it is very useful when great cold is to be marked.

There are also solid thermometers, and gas thermometers. But you are not likely to see much of these. The one you will see most frequently is that filled with mercury or alcohol, with Fahrenheit's scale at the side.

20. You must understand that a thermometer does not show you how much heat there is in a body. Its precise use is to compare the degrees of variation from hot to cold. A thermometer in a pail of hot water marks no higher than it does in a cupful of the same liquid.

21. By the aid of the thermometer travellers are enabled to compare the climates of different countries, and to give us, who stay at home, an exact idea of them. It is also necessary in the arts ; it helps workmen to apply the exact amount of heat required in delicate operations, where the slightest excess might spoil the whole work.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

chime, sound of bells in harmony.
mon-i-tor, one who warns.

be-guil-ing, amusing.
fal-ter-ed, hesitated.

1. Oh, the old, old clock, of the household stock;
Was the brightest thing and neatest :
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.

'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were
few,

Yet they lived, though nations altered ;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and
young

When the voice of friendship faltered !
Tick, tick, it said,—quick, quick, to bed,—
For ten I've given warning ;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning !

2. A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling.
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked grey o'er the misty
way,
And the early air blew coldly ;
Tick, tick, it said,—quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning ;
You'll never have health, you'll never get
wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning.

3. Still hourly the sound goes round and round
With a tone that ceases never ;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever !
Its heart beats on,—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger ;
Its hands still move,—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer !

Tick,—tick, it said,—to the churchyard bed,
 The Grave hath given warning,—
 Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
 And prepare for a heavenly morning!

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

pre-em-in-ent, surpassing all
 others.
 e-mit, to throw out.

Cal-a-bri-a, a province to the
 extreme south of Italy.
 sub-ter-ra-ne-an, under-
 ground.

1. A volcano is an opening made in the earth's crust by internal heat, which has forced melted or heated matter through the rent. An earthquake is the effect of the confined gases and vapours, produced by the heat upon the crust. When the volcano, therefore, gets vent, the earthquake always ceases; but the latter has generally been more destructive of life than the former.

2. Where one city has been destroyed by lava, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, twenty have been shaken down by the rocking and heaving of earthquakes. The records of ancient as well as modern times abound with examples of these tremendous catastrophes.

3. Pre-eminent on the list is the city of Antioch. Imagine the inhabitants of that great city, crowded with strangers on a festive occasion, suddenly arrested on a calm day by the earth heaving and rocking beneath their feet;

and in a few moments two hundred and fifty thousand of them are buried by falling houses, or the earth opening and swallowing them up.

4. Such was the scene which that city presented in the year 526 ; and several times before and since that period has the like calamity fallen upon it ; and twenty, forty, and sixty thousand of its inhabitants have been destroyed at each time. In the year 17 A.D., no less than thirteen cities in Asia Minor were, in like manner, overwhelmed in a single night.

5. Think of the terrible destruction that came upon Lisbon in 1775. The fog had just cleared away on a warm, calm morning, when suddenly the subterranean thundering and heaving began ; and in six minutes the city was a heap of ruins, and sixty thousand of the people were among the dead.

6. Hundreds had crowded upon a new quay surrounded by vessels. In a moment the earth opened beneath them, and the wharf, the vessels, and the crowd, went down into its bosom ; the gulf closed, the sea rolled over the spot, and no vestige of wharf, vessels, or man ever floated to the surface.

7. How thrilling is the account left us by Kircher, who was near, of the destruction of Euphemia in Calabria, a city of about five thousand inhabitants, in the year 1638 ! "After some time," says he, "the violent heaving of the earthquake ceasing, I stood up,

and turning my eyes to look for Euphemia, saw only a frightful black cloud.

8. "We waited till it had passed away, when nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen where the city once stood." In like manner did Port Royal, in the West Indies, sink beneath the waters with nearly all its inhabitants, in less than one minute, in the year 1692.

9. Still more awful, though usually less destructive, is often the scene presented by a volcanic eruption. Imagine yourselves, for instance, upon one of the wide elevated plains of Mexico, far from the fear of volcanoes. The earth begins to quake under your feet, and the most alarming subterranean noises admonish you of a mighty power within the earth that must soon have vent.

10. You flee to the surrounding mountains in time to look back and see ten square miles of the plain swell up, like a bladder, to the height of five hundred feet, while numerous smaller cones rise from the surface still higher, and emit smoke.

11. In their midst, six mountains are thrown up to the height, some of them at least, of sixteen hundred feet, and pour forth melted lava; turning rivers out of their course, and spreading desolation over a late fertile plain, and for ever excluding its former inhabitants. Such was the eruption by which Jorullo, in Mexico, was suddenly thrown up in 1759.

12. Still more terrific have been some of the eruptions in Iceland. In 1783 earthquakes of tremendous power shook the whole island, and flames burst forth from the ocean.



An Eruption—Summit of Volcaule Mountain.

In June these ceased, and Skaptar Jökul opened its mouth; nor did it close till it had poured forth two streams of lava, one sixty miles long and twelve miles broad, and the

other forty miles long and seven broad, and both with an average thickness of one hundred feet. During that summer the inhabitants saw the sun no more, and all Europe was covered with a haze.

13. Around the Papandayang, one of the loftiest mountains in Java, no less than forty villages were reposing in peace. But in August 1772, a remarkable luminous cloud, enveloping its top, aroused them from their security. But it was too late; for at once the mountain began to sink into the earth, and soon it had disappeared, with the forty villages and most of the inhabitants, over a space fifteen miles long and six broad.

14. Still more extraordinary, the most remarkable on record, was an eruption in Sumbawa, one of the Molucca Islands, in 1815. It began on the fifth day of April, and did not cease till July. The explosions were heard in one direction nine hundred and seventy miles. So heavy was the fall of ashes at the distance of forty miles, that houses were crushed and destroyed.

15. The floating cinders in the ocean, hundreds of miles distant, were two feet thick, and the vessels were forced through them with difficulty. The darkness in Java, three hundred miles distant, was deeper than the blackest night; and finally, out of the twelve thousand inhabitants of the island, only twenty-six persons were saved.

HOW TO SAVE.

in-stal-ments, part payments.
re-source, something to de-
 pend upon.
mickle, much.

as-so-ci-a-tion, joining to
 gether.
ex-er-tion, working, striving.
fru-gal, careful, thrifty.

1. In the first place, I wish to say that I believe it is possible for almost every one to save. Perhaps you question this. But I will tell you why I say so. Suppose you earned a shilling a week less than you get at present, you would have to make it do, wouldn't you? Well, make it do as it is, and put that shilling a week by for some unlucky time, when you earn nothing at all.

2. Or, again; how many know what it is to save *backwards*? Now, if you can save backwards, you can save forwards. You know what saving backwards means. Illness comes, and brings a long doctor's bill—too long by far to be met out of the week's earnings. How is it to be paid? Why, by weekly instalments, till all is settled. Now, if you can save backwards to pay a bill after it is due, why not save forwards, that you may have something ready to meet it when it comes?

3. It is an unfortunate fact that, as a rule, English working-men save less than those of almost any other country. To compare ourselves with our neighbours on the Continent: in almost every European country the peasants possess their little bit of land, and often, as in Saxony, they own the houses they live in.

4. A Frenchman will go without half the comforts an English working-man allows himself, until he has scraped together enough to buy his few acres of land. French folks are quite astonished at the spendings of English people. "Ah," you say, "but they earn more money than we do." Not at all.

5. It has been well said that more money is made by saving than by earning. Even threepence a week becomes gold in twelve months. Sixpence a week yields a sovereign in less than a year. A young man beginning at twenty to save sixpence a week, has £100 by him when he is sixty, while a shilling a week continued from the same age produces £200 at sixty.

6. It is strange to think how money, like trees when well planted, grows of itself. Do you know that a sum of money placed out at 5 per cent. compound interest, doubles itself in fourteen years? The man who regularly spares a portion of his earnings to put by will soon have a comfortable resource to fall back upon, and will not need to look for help either from charity or from the parish.

7. A great many men think they are doing quite enough in the way of providing for themselves if they belong to a club; and there are so many advantages in association, that perhaps a working-man cannot do better than have a good club as the first string to his bow; but let him have an account at the Savings' Bank as the second.

8. A club makes provision for the times when the husband is unable to work; but there are many special needs which may arise when he is in full work, and a wise man will provide for these as well.

9. The club won't buy a daughter's outfit when she goes to service, or the tools for a son when he goes to a trade, neither will it meet the expenses of sickness among the children. That is where the Savings' Bank comes in.

10. Besides, there may be cases where a man never happens to draw out of his club at all; and though it may be quite satisfactory to have sunk all that he has paid into it in order to be insured against illness, yet it would be doubly satisfactory to have also paid an equal amount into the bank, all of it to come back, *plus* interest, into the depositor's own pocket, as he sees fit to draw it.

11. Again, saving raises the individual morally as well as materially. It teaches him habits of self-denial and self-control, and stirs him up to the fullest employment of his powers, by giving him an object for exertion. And if it be well for the individual to be industrious and temperate, no less is it a benefit to the State that her people should be of diligent habits and frugal taste.

12. Now I think I have said quite enough about saving, and it only remains for you to practise it. And let me urge you to begin at

once. Don't wait till your wages are raised. I have known men and women, who never had high wages, but who, by plain dressing and careful housekeeping, managed to lay by a hundred pounds or more for their old age.

13. Besides, you don't know how your expenses may rise with your wages. Don't wait till somebody leaves you twenty pounds, but begin with a shilling, and if you haven't got a shilling, begin with sixpence, and save what you can, and you will soon prove that "many a little makes a mickle." Broad rivers are fed by tiny rills, and these again are formed from drops of dew and rain, but when all flow together they make the ocean.

SELF-RELIANCE.

in-de-pend-ence, not relying | pro-ject, work one is about to
upon others. | do.

1. There's a charm in independence,
Said a farmer to his son,
When the day was almost over,
And the work was nearly done ;
'There's a charm in independence
Such as none can ever share,
Save the man who once has drifted
Near the cavern of Despair.
2. The man who, by an effort,
When a struggle was a pain,

Has bravely faced his trial,
And lives a man again,
Meets life's trials without flinching,
Takes its troubles as they rise ;
You can never hope to conquer
By bandaging your eyes.

3. And trials you are sure to have,
Where'er your steps incline,
And sorrows with your pleasures—
There are lees to every wine.
There's a charm in independence—
To feel that you have won
The prizes due to merit
By the labour you have done ;
4. To feel that, single-handed,
While your neighbour stood aside,
You have gained the meed of courage,
The reward of honest pride.
Look at the timid fellow
Who always is afraid
To venture on a project
Without his neighbour's aid.
5. Ere long, the chances are, my son,
He'll altogether lean
Upon the arm that aided him—
A spiritless machine.
O son, whate'er your place in life,
Whate'er your aim and end,
Be brave, be proud, and never lean,
But on yourself depend.

THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

Goths, an ancient but powerful tribe which inhabited Scandinavia.

Sar-a-cens, inhabitants of Arabia, Arabs.

ab-so-lute, entire, without condition.

sur-ren-der, yielding, or giving up.

ex-em-pli-fied, shown.

me-di-æ-val, relating to the middle ages.

pan-ic, sudden fright, fear.

cam-paign, the time during which an army keeps the field.

prow-ess, valour, bravery.

chap-let, a wreath or garland worn on the head in token of victory.

1. We pass over ten years, and find the Black Prince on the field of Poitiers. Again we must ask—What brought him there, and why was the battle fought? He was this time alone. His father, though the war had rolled on since the battle of Crecy, was in England. But, in other respects, the beginning of the fight was very like that of Crecy.

2. Gascony belonged to him by right, and from this he made a descent into the neighbouring provinces, and was on his return home, when the king of France—John, the son of Philip—pursued him, as his father had pursued Edward III., and overtook him suddenly, on the high upland fields which extended for many miles south of the city of Poitiers.

3. It is the third great battle which has been fought in that neighbourhood. The first was that in which Clovis defeated the Goths; the second was that in which Charles Martel drove back the Saracens; the third was this—the most brilliant of English victories over the French.

4. The spot, which is about six miles south of Poitiers, is still known by the name of the "Battle-field." Its features are very slightly marked—two ridges of rising ground, parted by a gentle hollow. Behind the highest of these two ridges is a large tract of copse and underwood, and leading up to it from the hollow is a somewhat steep lane shut in by woods and vines on each side. It was on this ridge that the prince had taken up his position, and it was solely by the good use which he made of this position that the victory was won.

5. The French army was arranged on the other side of the hollow, in three great divisions, of which the king's was the hindmost. The farmhouse which marks the spot where this division was posted is visible from the walls of Poitiers.

6. It was on Monday, September the 19th, 1356, at 9 a.m., that the battle began. All the Sunday had been taken up by fruitless endeavours of Cardinal Talleyrand to save the bloodshed, by bringing the king and prince to terms, a fact to be noticed for two reasons:—first, because it shows the sincere and Christian desire which animated the clergy of those times—to promote peace and goodwill amongst the savage men with whom they lived; and, secondly, because the refusal of the French king and prince to be persuaded, shows, on this occasion, the confidence of victory which had possessed them.

7. The prince offered to give up all the castles and prisoners he had taken, and to swear not to fight in France again for seven years. But the king would hear of nothing but his absolute surrender of himself and his army on the spot. The cardinal laboured till the very last moment, and then rode back to Poitiers, having equally offended both parties.

8. The story of the battle, if we remember the position of the armies, is told in a moment. The prince remained firm in his position; the French charged with their usual chivalrous ardour—charged up the lane. The English archers, whom the prince had stationed behind the hedges on each side, let fly their showers of arrows, as at Crecy. In an instant the lane was choked with the dead, and the first check of such headstrong confidence was fatal.

9. Here, as at Crecy, was exemplified the truth of the remark of the mediæval historian, "We now no longer contest our battles as did the Greeks and Romans; the first stroke decides all." The prince in his turn charged; a general panic seized the whole French army; the first and second divisions fled in the wildest confusion; the third alone, where King John stood, made a gallant resistance.

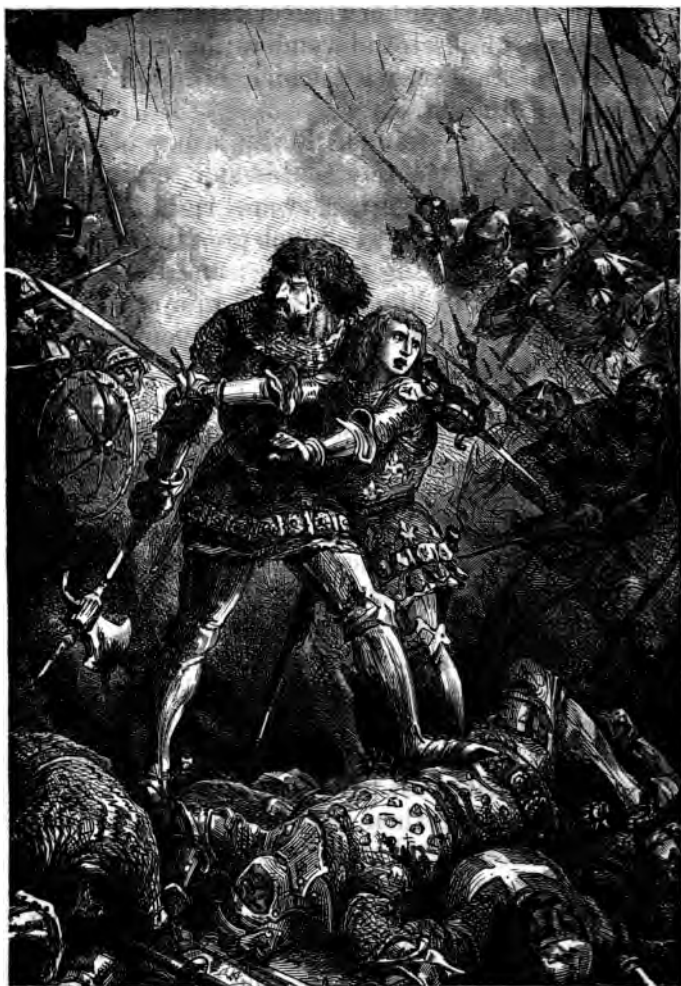
10. King John, on his part, proved himself a good knight, and if the fourth of his people had behaved as well, the day would have been his own. Those, however, who remained with him, acquitted themselves to the best of their

power, and were either slain or taken prisoners. King John himself did wonders; he was armed with a battle-axe, with which he fought and defended himself.

11. His youngest son Philip, a boy of fourteen, clung obstinately to his side, crying out every instant, "Father, ware right! father, ware left!" There was much pressing through eagerness of taking the king; and those that were nearest to him and knew him cried out, "Surrender yourself, surrender yourself, or you are a dead man!"

12. Denis de Morbeque pushed through the crowd and said in good French, "Sire, sire, surrender yourself!" The king turning to him asked, "To whom shall I surrender myself? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? If I could see him I would speak to him." "Sire," replied Sir Denis, "he is not here, but surrender yourself to me, and I will lead you to him." "Who are you?" said the king. "Sire, I am Denis de Morbeque, a knight from Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I possessed there."

13. The king then gave him his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender myself to you." There was much crowding and pushing about, for every one was eager to cry out, "I have taken him!" Neither the king nor his youngest son Philip were able to get forward and free themselves from the throng.



"Father, ware right! father, ware left!"

14. The prince who had gained the battle was still only twenty-six—that is, a year younger than Napoleon at the beginning of his campaigns—and the battle was distinguished from all others by the number, not of the slain, but of the prisoners, one Englishman often taking four or five Frenchmen.

15. The day of the battle, at night, the prince gave a supper in his lodgings to the French king, and to most of the great lords that were prisoners. The prince caused the king and his son to sit at one table, and other lords, knights, and squires at the others; and the prince always served the king very humbly, and would not sit at the king's table, although he requested him. He said he was not qualified to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was.

16. Then he said to the king, "Dear sir, make no bad cheer, though your will was not accomplished this day; for, sir, the king, my father, will certainly bestow upon you as much honour and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably that you will ever after be friends.

17. "And, sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day gained the high honour of prowess, and have surpassed all others on your side in valour. Sir, I say not this in raillery, for all our party, who saw every man's deeds, agree in this, and give you the palm and chaplet."

18. Therewith the Frenchmen whispered

among themselves that the prince had spoken nobly, and that most probably he would prove a great hero, if God preserved his life to persevere in such good fortune.



TO A SKYLARK.

1. Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !
For thy song, Lark, is strong ;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing,

Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

2. I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Up with me, up with me, high and high,
To thy banqueting-place in the sky!

3. Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest;
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

4. Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must
wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness, and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's
day is done.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

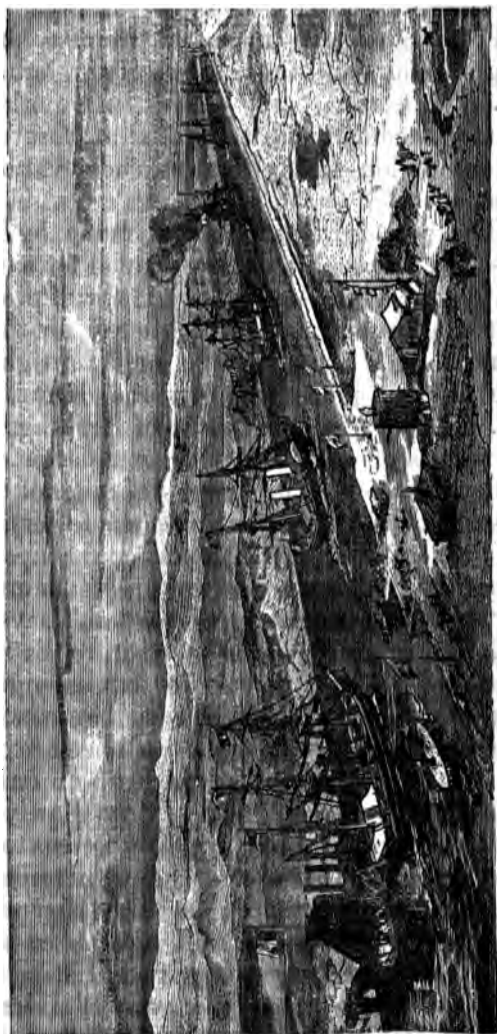
pre-fer-red, that which one likes most.		em-bark-a-tion, going on board a ship.
route, the way or direction.		per-form-ed, done.

1. When we talk of the "Overland Route" we mean the short way to India and the East by the Mediterranean sea, the Suez canal, and the Red sea. In former times people used to go to the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope; but as that journey is a very long one, lasting about four months, the shorter route overland is preferred.

2. The port of departure from England is Southampton.

As, however, the journey to the shores of the Mediterranean can also be made by railway across France to Marseilles, some prefer to save five days by making that the port of embarkation. The journey is made still shorter by embarking either at Trieste or Brindisi on the Adriatic. In all cases Port Said is the port of destination at this side of the Isthmus.

3. Now that ships can sail through the Suez canal, passengers can go all the way to India from Southampton in the same vessel. By this shorter route, the journey can be performed in about a month, and as "*time is money*," the advantage of such a shortening is obvious, not only as regards commerce, but also the speedy government of the greatest of the British possessions, namely India.



Ships passing through the Suez Canal.

4. From Suez, passengers for Bombay proceed in one ship, and those for Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Australia, and China, in another. The latter become again separated at Point de Galle, in Ceylon—according to their various destinations.

5. The wonderful Suez canal made by M. de Lesseps, a Frenchman, and opened for navigation on the 17th November 1869, will prove a great comfort to eastern travellers ; for they need no longer change ships, or be fatigued by the railway journey across the desert, as before. Besides, the owners of trading or cargo vessels of all kinds will, to a large extent, find this route the more profitable of the two: so that sailing ships will become fewer and fewer, just as the old-fashioned coal ships of Newcastle have now given way to steam ones.

6. "As we went along the canal," says a traveller, describing a recent visit to Egypt, "we passed between mounds or banks, higher than the ordinary level. These banks were composed of material which had been excavated from the canal, and thrown up on either side. As we steamed along very slowly, I mounted the 'bridge' of the steamer, so as to be able to look over these banks ; and there I saw the interminable barren waste on the Egyptian side covered with water, and on the eastern side a sandy desert extending to Palestine.

7. "One of the first features of interest was a 'floating bridge,' thrown across the

canal by steam, at a point which, I was told, was in the track of the caravans. Now here was a most curious conjuncture of modern and ancient civilisation.

8. This caravan track is one of the most ancient of all roads, leading from Egypt into Palestine and Syria, on the very line along which Jacob's sons may have gone down into Egypt to buy corn; and there we found one of the appliances of modern civilisation, in the shape of this 'floating bridge,' consisting of a large flat-bottomed boat which crosses and recrosses the canal by means of chains wound and unwound upon large drums by a steam engine. This contact of ancient and modern civilisation is one of the most remarkable features in Egypt.

9. "But there was another noticeable feature. There are stations all along the canal, at which the officers reside, as well as the men who keep watch over the canal, and who are ready to give help if any vessel should run aground. At most of these stations I noticed that there was a garden, generally with a gay show of flowers, and great cultivation of edible vegetables. Now what was the meaning of this? How could these gardens be made out of this sand and mud? The secret is, that every one of these places is supplied with fresh water.

10. "That fresh water is brought all the way from the Nile; for there is no fresh water to be got between Port Said and Suez—no-

thing but brackish water, obtained by digging. A *fresh-water canal* was therefore cut from the Nile at Cairo to Ismailia, a sort of half-way house between Suez and Port Said.

11. "Pipes convey this water to the railway which runs from Cairo to Suez by way of Ismailia. By this means a supply of wholesome water is conveyed regularly to all parts of the canal, and flowers of every kind can be grown, nothing being wanted for the soil in that sunny clime but water."

AIR IN BEDROOMS.

san-i-tary, relating to health.
un-ex-cep-tion-able, no fault
 could be found with them.
her-met-i-cally seal-ed, en-
 tirely closed.
ex-ha-le-tions, substances
 given off.

in-nox-i-ous, harmless; *nox-
 ious* meaning *hurtful*, and
in meaning *not*.
vi-ti-ated, made pure.
ex-tra-ne-ous, outside.
tran-si-tion, change.
in-fringe-ment, breaking.

1. Last summer I went to stay with some friends of mine. They were far better in sanitary matters than their neighbours. Their living rooms were unexceptionable; windows always open more or less, and no lack of that best of ventilators, all the year round, a good fire.

2. During the day I was happy; but when I retired to my chamber at night, lo! the excellent domestic had, according to custom, closed the window, fastened the shutters, drawn the bed-curtains, and lit the gas. And in that all but hermetically-sealed apartment, I was expected to pass eight mortal hours.

3. "What! you are not going to open the window?"

"My dear friend, I must breathe—by night as well as by day."

"But night air is so hurtful!"

4. "Not half so much as the air of this room will be, two hours hence, with the gas, my breathing, and the exhalations always going on from the very cleanest of carpets, clothes, and curtains." And I own to giving rather a savage pull to the beautiful moreen hangings under which I was intended to be entombed. "Why, if you were to hang up a bird in a cage, within this four-poster, it would probably be dead by morning. I am not jesting: the experiment was tried. The foul air which kills a bird would likely not benefit me."

5. I undid the shutters, and threw the window open about a foot wide at top.

My friend regarded me as she would a person preparing to commit suicide.

"But the damp; the frightful night-damp?"

"I shall shut out the worst of it by drawing down the blind, which acts as a sort of respirator. Anyhow, the dampest night-air that could be found is not half so injurious as foul air."

6. "*Is it foul?*" with a little indignation in the question.

Now, this is the greatest difficulty that, in my humble character of ventilating missionary, I have had to contend with; people did not actually recognise when the air *was* foul.

They had been so long accustomed to live in bad air, that many a room that to me was stifling, was to them quite innoxious, or at least unnoticed.

7. True, they felt its effects; they complained of headache, weariness, loss of appetite and spirits, and, above all, of drowsiness, which is the first sign of a vitiated atmosphere; but they attributed all these to ill-health, or extraneous causes. It never entered their heads that it was owing to a want of fresh air.

8. It never occurred to them that the reason why they complained of "such bad nights," and found such difficulty in rousing themselves of a morning, was because the air that circulates round a sleeper at night should be *exactly as pure* as that which he breathes during the day.

9. He may defend his body with as many blankets as he likes, just as he would with overcoats by daylight; he may shelter his eyes from light, and his head from draughty currents; but he *must* have in the room a free circulation of absolutely pure air for his lungs to breathe; otherwise, during one-half of his existence, he might as well be in a baker's oven, a coal mine, or a church vault.

10. And that is the reason why so many of one's excellent friends, when they come downstairs in the morning, look exactly as if they *had* spent the night in one of these undesirable apartments, instead of in an ordinary bedroom.

11. The substance of this long paragraph I preached to my amazed young friend, who yet could not reconcile herself to the fatal position in which she left me, as regarded the open window. "In our climate too! Think of the lung diseases so common here?"

"May not that be from the very reason I am speaking of?"

"Because we do not sleep with our windows open?"

12. "No; but because, granted the severity or dampness of our climate, instead of hardening ourselves against it by lessening the transition between the indoors and out-of-doors atmosphere, we make our houses perfect stoves of heated, gas-impregnated, impure air, and then rush out from them into bleak mountain blasts and soaking rain. No wonder we catch colds and consumption."

13. "But how can we begin?" said my companion, hesitating. "I really never did sleep with my window open—should have been horrified at such a thing; but I have a good mind to try. How wide shall I open it? As wide as yours?"

14. "And then, from the sudden change, you will catch a severe cold, and say it was the result of my advice, and never open your window afterwards. No, my friend; sudden reformations are not to be trusted. Open your window one inch, and one inch only, for a week; two inches for the next week, and so on.

15. "The terrible punishment of any habitual infringement of physical laws is,—habit itself being so powerful,—that even a change for the better, unless very gradual, sometimes, at first, does more harm than good."



W. M. Thackeray.

en-feeb-led, weakened.
at-tain-ed, reached.

be-ne-vo-lent, kind.
an-nounced, told.

LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME.

1. Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the

Colonel still lay ill. After some days, the fever, which had attacked him, left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered best not to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather.

2. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Good-enough, came to him; he hoped too, but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was given to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him.

3. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

4. But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes,

or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson.

5. There was a little, laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the signs of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel."

6. "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him!" and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine, and his own early schooldays. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him.

7. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown; which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy;

and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

8. So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face.

9. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and goodwill dwelt in it.

10. The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the

child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning.

11. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

12. After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying: "Toujours, toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the latter came to us who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

13. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse

whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

14. Some time afterwards, Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

15. She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly: "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called out: "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

16. At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

THE SCRIPTORIUM.*

e-van-gel-ist , there were four; the word means a writer of the Gospel.	the palm, the prize.
a-poc-a-lypse , name of the last book of the New Testament—Revelation.	in-i-tial , the letter beginning a name.
e-clipse , when the sun is hidden by some other celestial body passing before it.	wrap-ped in a nap-kin , not made good use of; in allusion to the parable of the "Talents."
fo-lio , a book (literally, a leaf).	par-ley , to speak, to confer.
	cor-ri-dor , a passage-way.

1. It is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery!
2. Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ Himself perhaps hath kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse.

* *Scriptorium*, a place set apart for transcribing, illuminating, and writing books.



"It is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er."

God forgive me ! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

3. This is well written, though I say it !
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf,
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.
4. There, now, is an initial letter !
Saint Ulric himself never made a better !
Finished down to the leaf on the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail !
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover.
What treasures of heart these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold.
God forgive me ! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of Thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain ;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for Thee !

5. How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves !
How the swallows twitter under the eaves !
There, now, there is one in her nest ;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and
breast,
And will sketch her thus in her quiet nook
For the margin of my Gospel book.

6. I can see no more ! Through the valley
yonder
A shower is passing ; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer !
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent-gate.
What a fair lady ! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider !
Now she gives him her hand to alight ;
They will beg shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more ;
It will do for the face of some beautiful
Saint,
Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.

SUNRISE IN LONDON.

Earth has not anything to show more fair !
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 The city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
 Open to the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

The Great Plague, in the
 reign of Charles II., caused
 by bad drainage ; it is said
 that 100,000 persons died
 of it.

ca-la-mi-ty, heavy trouble.
 re-frain, keep back.

Bow, Brom-ley, Black-wall,
 and Pop-lar, now part of
 London, but at that time
 villages outside it.

e-ja-cu-la-tion, a short ex-
 clamation.

1. Much about the same time, I walked out
 into the fields towards Bow ; and as I had some
 concern in shipping, I had a notion that it
 had been one of the best ways of securing
 one's self from the infection, to have retired
 into a ship ; and musing how to satisfy my
 curiosity in that point, I turned away over
the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down

to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

2. Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or seawall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up: at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First, I asked him how people did thereabouts.

3. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. There are very few families in this part, or in that village"—pointing to Poplar—"where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick." Then, pointing to one house, "There, they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something; but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard, too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "'There," says he, "they are all dead—the man, and his wife, and five children."

4. "There," says he, "they are shut up: you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses."

"Why," says I, "what do you do here all alone?"

"Why," says he, "I am a poor, desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead!"

"How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?"

5. "Why," says he, "that is my house,"—pointing to a very little, low-boarded house—"and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited; but I do not come to them." And with these words I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

6. "But," said I, "why do you not come to them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?"

"Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid! I do not abandon them: I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want."

7. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want.

8. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?"

9. "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he; "and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the

day, and sleep in it in the night; and what I get, I lay down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

10. "Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?"

"Yes, sir," says he; "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor?"—pointing down the river a good way below the town: "all these ships have families on board, of the merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection."

11. "I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

12. "Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship's side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the sides, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me; for I never go into

any house on shore, or touch anybody—no, not even of my own family—but I fetch provisions for them.”

13. “Nay,” says I, “but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for this village,” said I, “is as it were the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.”

14. “That is true,” added he; “but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich and buy fresh meat there; and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other.

15. “I seldom come on shore; and I came only now to call on my wife, and hear how my family do, and give them a little money, which I received last night.”

“Poor man,” said I; “and how much hast thou gotten for them?”

16. “I have gotten four shillings,” said he, “which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread, too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out.”

“Well,” said I, “and have you given it them yet?”

“No,” said he, “but I have called, and my

wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her.

17. "Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover; but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called, "Robert! Robert!"

18. He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack, in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he halloed again; then he went to the great stone which he had showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end added: "God has sent it all; give thanks to Him!"

19. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much; so she left the biscuits which were in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

20. "Well; but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said *was your week's pay?*"

"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again, "Rachel! Rachel!"—which it seems was her name—"did you take up the money?"

"Yes," said she.

"How much was it?" said he.

"Four shillings and a groat," said she.

"Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

21. As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. "Hark thee, friend," said I; "come hither, for I believe thou art in health that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand which was in my pocket before, "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost;" so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go, lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

22. I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a good deal more, such as that, he said to her.

23. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money *all that year that I thought better bestowed.*



Sir Walter Scott.

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

SIR W. SCOTT.

suc-cours, assistance.

cav-al-ry, horse-soldiers.

en-com-pass, surround.

van, the foremost part of the army.

sur-ren-der, give up.

for-lorn, hopeless.

skiff, a small boat.

St. Nin-i-an's, a' church a short distance from Stirling.

1. Bruce spoke to his soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory,

or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

2. When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the king posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succours from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then despatched James of Douglas and Sir Robert Keith, to survey the English force which was now approaching from Falkirk.

3. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms, on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

4. It was upon the 23d of June (1314), the King of Scotland heard the news that the English army was approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English

cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

5. "See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chapel." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honour, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them.

6. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the king to go to assist him. The king refused him permission.

7. "Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly, but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

8. The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing

They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, and carried in his hand a battle-axe made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more clearly.

9. There was a knight among the English called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The king being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground.

10. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was being carried past him by the career of his horse, when King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nutshell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground.

11. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not

to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

12. The next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom.

13. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down; they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said an English Baron, "but they ask it from God, not from us,—these men will conquer or die on the field."

14. The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas Day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, have decided the victory, but Bruce had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish *horsemen*, and thrown into total confusion.

13. The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground, which was full of pits, the horses fell into those holes, and the riders lay tumbling about without any means of defence. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder, and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

16. On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' Hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil.

17. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook them for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride.

18. He first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle the next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with

a body of cavalry. They continued the chase as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March.

19. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing-skiff in which he escaped to England, having lost his fine army and a great number of his bravest nobles.

20. The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS AT BANNOCKBURN.

glint-ed, peeped.

ser-vile, like a servant or slave.

u-surp-er, one who occupies the power or property of another without right.

heath (verse 2), a contraction of heather, and is pro-

nounced as *hèth* in Scotland.

die (verse 8), pronounced as *dee*.

(*Na* = no; *o'* = of; *wi'* = with; *saul* = soul; *wha* = who; *hae* = have; *wham* = whom; *sae* = so; *fa'* = fall.)

1. At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they were na' far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.
2. But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed :

3. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie !
 4. "Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lower !
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !
 5. "Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
 6. "Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !
 7. "By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !
 8. "Lay the proud usurper low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !"
-

A GREAT ENGLISH SEA VICTORY (TRAFALGAR).

the vic-tory, at the battle' of Trafalgar, the English fleet, under Lord Nelson, gained a great victory over the French and Spanish fleets.

hu-man-i-ty, mercifulness.

miz-zen, a mast at the back part of the ship.

ep-au-lette, a shoulder ornament.

al-le-vi-ate, lessen.

e-vent, result.

cock-pit, where the wounded are attended to.

van, foremost part of the fleet.
Col-ling-wood, the next in command to Lord Nelson.

Re-doubt-able, one of the French ships.

as-cer-tain-ing, finding out.

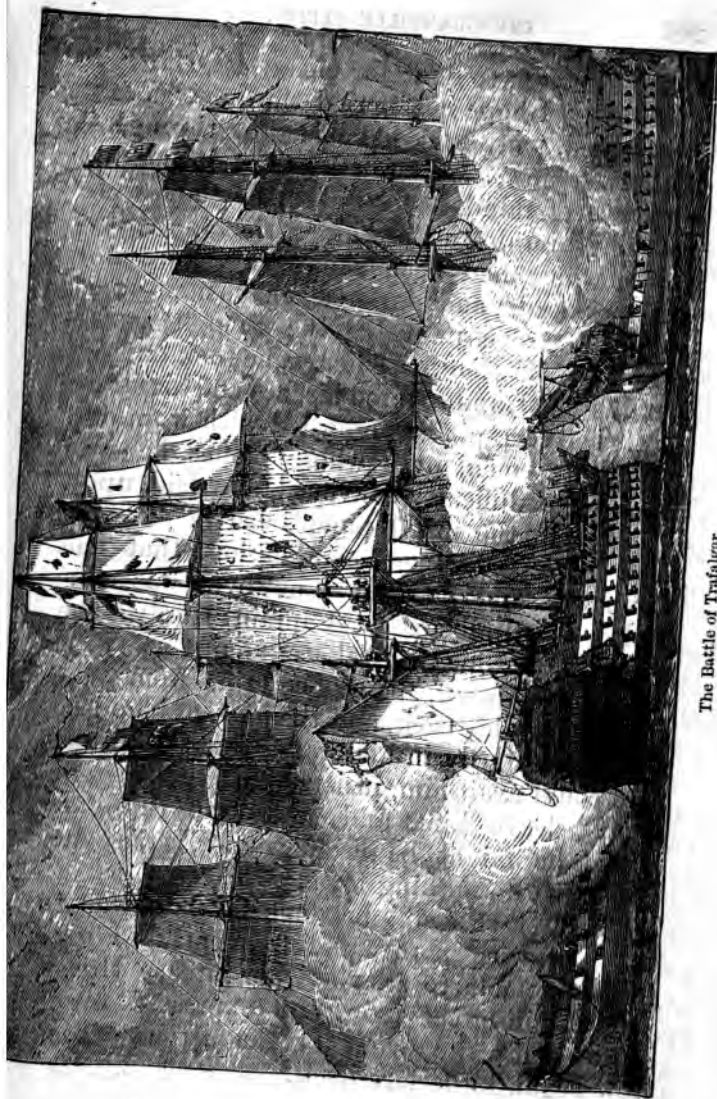
ar-tic-u-la-tion, speech.

Har-dy, the captain of the *Victory*, the ship in which Lord Nelson was.

rove, a sailor's expression for drawing a rope through a hole.

1. It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death.

2. A ball, fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.



The Battle of Trafalgar.

3. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.

4. The cock-pit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and his medical attendants.

5. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily in his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

6. All that could be done for him was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which *now* began to declare itself.

7. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

8. An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*."

9. "I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that."

10. Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself: "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot

through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

11. By this time, all feeling below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, " You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, " which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, " So great that I wish I was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, " one would like to live a little longer too ! "

12. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned ; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly ; but fourteen or fifteen at least.

13. " That's well," said Nelson ; " but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice, he said, " Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. " Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed ; " do you anchor."

14. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, " Don't throw me overboard ;" and he desired that he might be

buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!"

15. Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone."

16. Death was indeed rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

AS TOLD BY AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN.

sapph-ire, a bright precious stone.

lee-bow, in front, towards the direction in which the wind is blowing.

Black-wood, the captain who came to Nelson for orders.

Frank-lin, Sir John Franklin, who was lost in the Arctic expedition.

1. When our brave Nelson went to meet
Trafalgar's judgment day,
The people knelt down in the street,
To bless him on his way.

He felt the country of his love
Watching him from afar ;
It saw him through the battle move,
His heaven was in that star.

2. Magnificently glorious sight,
It was in that great dawn !
Like one vast sapphire flashing light,
The sea, just breathing, shone.
Their ships fresh painted stood up tall
And stately ; ours were grim
And weather-worn, but one and all
In rare good fighting trim.
3. Brave Nelson's wasted face, wave-worn,
Was beaming and serene ;
I felt the brave bright spirit burn
There, all too plainly seen ;
As though the sword this time was drawn
For ever from the sheath,
And when its work to-day was done,
All would be dark in death.
4. He smiled to see the Frenchman show
His reckoning for retreat,
With Cadiz port on his lee-bow,
And held him then half beat.
They showed no colours till we drew
Them out to strike with there ;
Old " Victory " for a prize or two
Had flags enough to spare.

5. Mast high the famous signal ran,
Breathless we caught each word:
“*England expects that every man*
Will do his duty.” Oh!
You should have seen our faces! heard
Us cheering, row on row,
Like men before some furnace stirred
To a fiery fearful glow!
6. Good Collingwood our lee line led,
And cut their centre through.
“See how he goes in!” Nelson said,
As his first broadside flew,
And near four hundred foemen fell;
Up went another cheer,
“Ah, what would Nelson give,” said Coll,
“To be but with us here!”
7. We grimly kept our vanward path,
Over us hummed their shot;
But silently we reined our wrath,
Held on and answered not,
Till we could grip them face to face,
And pound them for our own,
Or hug them in a war embrace
Till they or we went down.
8. How calm he was when first he felt
The sharp edge of that fight;
Cabined with God, alone he knelt,
And prayer still lay in light

Upon his face, that used to shine
In battle—flash with life,
As though the glorious blood ran wine,
Dancing with that wild strife.

9. “Fight for us, thou Almighty One,
Give victory once again;
And if I fall, ‘Thy will be done,’
Amen! amen! amen!”
With such a voice he bade good-bye,
The mournfullest old smile wore;
“Farewell, God bless you, Blackwood, I
Shall never see you more.”

10. And four hours after he had done
With winds and troubled foam;
The reaper was borne dead upon
Our load of harvest home;
Not till he knew the old flag flew
Alone on all the deep;
Then said he, “Hardy, is that you?
Kiss me!” and fell asleep.

11. And so he went upon his way,
A higher deck to walk;
Or sit in some eternal day,
And of the old time talk
With sailors old who, on that coast,
Welcome the homeward bound;
Where many a gallant soul we’ve lost—
And Franklin will be found.
-



Charles Dickens.

CHARLES DICKENS.

a-buses, evils.

in-a-de-quate, not sufficient.

im-per-ish-able, undying.

crafts-men, workmen.

per sis-tent, determined.

de-pre-ci-ate, to undervalue.

un-os-ten-ta-tious, without
show, not boastful.

1. Since the sun rose yesterday morning, all English-speaking people, nay, all reading people of every tongue throughout the world, have sustained a grievous loss. Charles Dickens is no more. Like the other great novelist of the present generation, he died in harness.

2. Thackeray found dead in his bed at

Kensington Palace Gardens on Christmas eve, seven years ago, and Charles Dickens laying down the load of life after but a few hours' illness in his home at Gadshill, are alike in their death, as they were in the unrivalled hold they had upon the admiration and affection of their fellow-countrymen.

3. To-day the world will hardly care to criticise Charles Dickens the writer. It is Charles Dickens the man, whom it has lost, and for whom it will mourn. And what a man he was! How brave, gentle, modest, manly, earnest, true! How full of good deeds, in his unostentatious private life; how ready to lend a helping hand to every struggling fellow-craftsman who came to him for aid; how earnest and persistent in his exposure of great social and political abuses; how vehement in his hatred of every form of cant and hypocrisy!

4. But what will be his loss to literature? That is a question which the future must answer. It seems to us, however, that the great branch of literature to which Mr. Dickens had devoted himself, and in which he had won a fame second to that of no other man, in losing him and in losing Mr. Thackeray, has sustained a blow from the effects of which it cannot hope soon to recover.

5. For, like Thackeray, Dickens has left no successor. There is no hand to take up the pen which has fallen from his grasp; no brain

from which can issue forth more portraits to be added to that matchless gallery with which he has enriched our literature.

6. We know that there are many who regard Mr. Dickens as a mere humorist, and who depreciate him in consequence. We need say nothing of his humour, for there is no reading man or woman in Great Britain who has not enjoyed it. We revel in the broad fun of "Pickwick," and of many of the chapters in his earlier works, and we appreciate the more sober humour of his later writings.

7. But the conception of his literary powers which limits itself to his humour is strangely one-sided and inadequate. Wit and pathos are almost equally characteristic of his genius. There are passages in his writings which to this day bring tears to the eyes of hardened men of the world, reading them for the hundredth time.

8. There are other passages which fill with a noble enthusiasm all who are brought under their magic spell. There are others which have filled thousands of us with a righteous indignation against wrong and hypocrisy, or with the kindred sympathy for sorrow, and want, and misery.

9. And let us be thankful that, in all the many pages written by this great master of humour, there is not one line which we need withhold from the eyes of women or of children. However loud the fun, however reckless the

gaiety, in which the pen of Dickens at times ran riot, it gave currency to not one impure word or idea.

10. There will be many sad hearts this morning throughout England. Thousands who never saw Charles Dickens in the flesh will mourn for him, as for a personal friend, and will feel that one has gone out of life who was very dear to them.

11. These great writers have a hold upon the public heart, an influence upon the public life, not second to that of kings, and warriors, and statesmen. It is, as Thackeray once said, an awful responsibility that falls upon the man who is admitted into ten thousand homes as the trusted guide, friend, companion, teacher.

12. Well is it for him if he feels that responsibility, and discharges it bravely, humbly, and honestly. He will not be rewarded with stars, or titles, or pensions; but he will gain that which Dickens gained, and which he so well deserved, the grateful love of innumerable human hearts; and when he falls, he will do so mourned by a great nation, and crowned with an imperishable fame.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

ode, a song, a poem written to be set to music.

zephyr, a gentle breeze.

Ger-man foam, North Sea or German Ocean.

dyke, a ditch containing stagnant water.

pike, a fresh-water fish with a pointed snout.

snipe, a bird which frequents marshy places, so called from the length of its bill.

cur-lew, a wading bird with long legs and short tail.

holt, a wood.

head-land, a point of land running out into the sea.

heath, a barren open country.
dap-pled dar-lings, the hounds.

bask, to lie in the sunshine.

hard Eng-lish-men. In temperate climates like ours, the people are, generally, far more active and hardy than the inhabitants of hot countries.

hearts of oak, our ships, so called because built of oak.

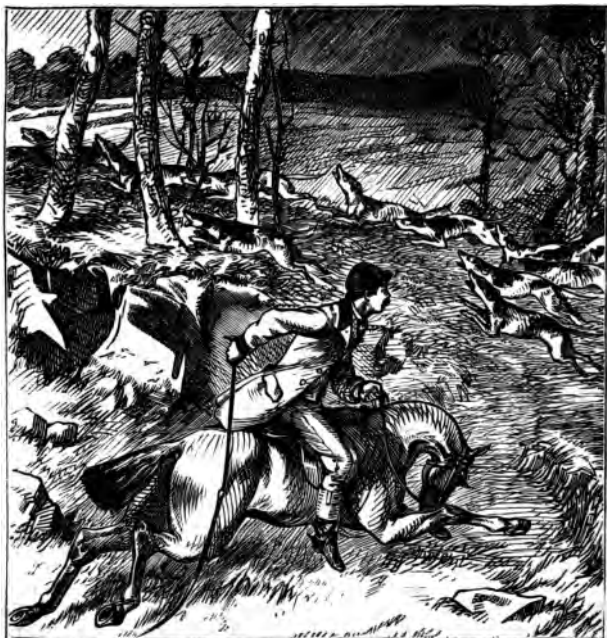
her-al-ded, introduced, or brought in.

vi-kings, ancient sea-kings of Norway and countries round the Baltic Sea.

1. Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
2. Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
3. Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
4. Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter,
Turns us out to play \

5. Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke,
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
6. Fill the lake with wildfowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
7. Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.
8. Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
9. Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can override you ?
Let the horses go !
10. Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast :
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
11. Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.

12. Let the luscious South wind
 Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
 Bask in ladies' eyes.



13. What does he but soften
 Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey winter
 Breeds hard Englishmen.
14. What's the soft South-wester ?
 'Tis the ladies' breeze,

Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.

15. But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives out English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
16. Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
17. Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

A GREAT ENGLISH LAND-VICTORY (WATERLOO).

re-trieve, to win back.
bri-gade, a division of troops.
cav-al-ry, horse-soldiers.
in-fant-ry, foot-soldiers.
cuir-as-siers, French troop-
ers.
ar-til-ler-y, cannon.
in-tre-pid-i-ty, fearlessness.
flank, the side.

eagles, French flags having
on them the figure of an
eagle.
Je-rome and **Ney**, two of the
French generals.
Bu-low, a Prussian general.
Hou-go-mont and **La Belle**
Al-li-ance, two farm-
houses.

1. Between eleven and twelve in the fore-noon, on the memorable 18th of June, this dreadful and decisive action began with a cannonade on the part of the French, which was instantly followed by an attack com-manded by Jerome, on the advanced post of

Hougomont. The troops of Nassau, which occupied the wood round the chateau, were driven out by the French; but the utmost efforts of the assailants were unable to force the house, garden, and farm-offices, which a party of the guards held with the most dauntless resolution.

2. The French redoubled their efforts, and threw themselves in large numbers on the outside hedge, which screens the garden-wall. They fell in great numbers at this point by the well-directed fire of the defenders, to which they were exposed in every direction.

3. The number of their troops, however, enabled them to take possession of the wood, and to push on with their cavalry and artillery against the British right, which formed in squares to receive them. The fire was incessant, but without apparent advantage on either side. The attack was at length repelled so far, that the British again opened their communication with Hougomont, and that important garrison was reinforced by Colonel Hepburn and a body of the guards.

4. Meantime, the fire of the artillery having become general along the line, the force of the French attack was transferred to the British centre. It was made with the most desperate fury, and received with the most stubborn resolution.

5. The assault here was made upon the farmhouse of Saint Jean by four columns of

infantry and a large mass of cuirassiers, who took the advance. They came up with the utmost intrepidity, and were encountered and charged by the English heavy cavalry; and a combat was maintained at the sword's point, till the French were driven back, where they were protected by their artillery.

6. The four columns of French infantry, engaged in the same attack, forced their way forward beyond the farm of La Haye Sainte, and dispersing a Belgian regiment, were in the act of establishing themselves in the centre of the British position, when they were attacked by the brigade of General Pack, while at the same time a brigade of British heavy cavalry attacked the French column in flank.

7. The results were decisive. The French columns were broken with great slaughter, and two eagles, with more than two thousand men, were made prisoners. The latter were sent off instantly to Brussels.

8. About this time the French made themselves masters of the farm of La Haye Sainte, cutting to pieces about two hundred Hanoverian sharp-shooters, by whom it had been most gallantly defended. The French retained this post for some time, till they were at last driven out of it by shells.

9. Shortly after this event, the scene of conflict again shifted to the right, where a general attack of French cavalry was made on the squares. They came up with the most

dauntless resolution, in despite of the continued fire of thirty pieces of artillery, placed in front of the line, and compelled the artillerymen by whom they were served to retreat within the squares.

10. The enemy had no means, however, of securing the guns, nor even of spiking them, and at every favourable moment the British artillerymen rushed from their place of refuge, again manned their pieces, and fired on the assailants.

11. The cuirassiers, however, continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in full confidence, apparently, of sweeping them before the force of their charge. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire till the cavalry were within ten yards, when every shot told—men rolled one way, horses galloped another, and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back.

12. It was now about six o'clock in the evening, and during this long series of furious attacks, the French had gained no success, save occupying for a time the wood around Hougomont, from which they had been expelled, and the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which had been also recovered.

13. The British, on the other hand, had suffered very severely, but had not lost one inch of ground, save the two posts, now regained. Ten thousand men were, however, killed and wounded. Some of the foreign

regiments had given way, though others had shown the most desperate valour. The ranks were also thinned, both by the actual fugitives, and by the absence of individuals, who left the field for the purpose of carrying off the wounded, and some of whom might naturally be in no hurry to return to so fatal a scene.

14. About half an hour afterwards the second grand division of the Prussian army began to enter into communication with the British left, while Bulow pressed forward on the French right and rear. It became now evident that the Prussians were to enter seriously into the battle, and with great force. Napoleon had still the means of opposing them, and of securing a retreat, at the certainty, however, of being attacked upon the ensuing day by the combined armies of Britain and Prussia.

15. His celebrated Guard had not yet taken any part in the conflict. With the aid of these tried veterans, he hoped to retrieve the fortunes of the day, and drive the British from their position. About seven o'clock they were formed in two columns under his own eye, near the bottom of the slope of La Belle Alliance. They were put under the command of the dauntless Ney. Bonaparte told the soldiers, and indeed imposed the same fiction upon their commander, that the Prussians whom they saw on the right were retreating.

16. The Guard answered with shouts of

"Long live the Emperor!" and moved resolutely forward, supported by four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve, who stood prepared to protect the advance of their comrades.

17. A gradual change had taken place in the British line, in consequence of the repeated repulse of the French. Advancing by slow degrees, the right, which at the beginning of the conflict presented a segment of a convex circle, now resembled one that was concave, the extreme right, that had been thrown back, being now rather brought forward, so that their fire fell upon the flank of the French, who had also to sustain that which was poured on their front from the heights.

18. The British were ranged in a line four deep, to meet the advancing columns of the French Guard, and poured upon them a storm of musketry which never ceased an instant. The soldiers fired independently, as it is called—each man loading and discharging his piece as fast as he could.

19. At length the British moved forward as if to close round the heads of the columns, and at the same time continued to pour their shot upon the enemy's flanks. The French staggered, became disordered, were blended into one mass, and at length gave way, retreating, or rather flying, in the utmost confusion.


20. This was the last effort of the enemy, and Napoleon gave orders for the retreat, to protect which he had now no troops left, save

the four battalions of the Old Guard, which had been stationed in the rear of the attacking columns. These threw themselves into squares and stood firm.

21. But at this moment the Duke of Wellington commanded the whole British line to advance, so that, whatever the bravery and skill of these gallant veterans, they were thrown into disorder, and swept away in the general rout, in spite of the efforts of Ney, who, having had his horse killed, fought, sword in hand and on foot, in the front of the battle till the very last.

22. Whilst this decisive movement took place, Bulow, who had massed his troops, had carried the village of Planchenois in the French rear, and was now firing so close on their right wing that the cannonade annoyed the British who were in pursuit, and was suspended in consequence.

23. Moving in oblique lines, the British and Prussian armies came in contact with each other on the heights so lately occupied by the French, whose army was now in total confusion and rout; and when the victorious generals met at the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance, it was agreed that the Prussians, who were comparatively fresh, should follow up the chase, a duty for which the British, exhausted by the fatigues of a battle of eight hours, were totally unable.



WATERLOO.

Waterloo, a village in front of the forest of Soignies, about ten miles from Brussels.

Brunswick's chieftain, William-Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, who fell among the first at Quatre Bras. His father lost his life at the battle of Auerstädt, 1806.

Belgium's Capital, Brussels.

Albyn's hills, Scotland.

Evan, Donald, Evan and Donald Cameron—heads of the house of Lochiel.

Ardennes, the forest of Ardennes in the south of Belgium, of which the wood of Soignies behind Waterloo was a portion.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry: and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
 men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
 again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
 rising knell.
2. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the
 wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
 meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying
 feet:—
 But hark! the heavy sound breaks in once
 more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !—
Arm ! arm ! it is—the cannon's opening roar !

3. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain : he did
hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic
ear ;

And when they smiled because he deemed
it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too
well

Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell :

He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting
fell.

4. Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of
distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as
press

The life from out young hearts ; and choking
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated ;—who could
guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise ?

5. And there was mounting in hot haste : the
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car



Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
They come! they come!"

6. And wild and high the "Camerons'
gathering" rose;
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes.

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! but with the breath
which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years:
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each
clansman's ears!

7. And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,

Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall
grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

8. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of
 strife ;
 The morn, the marshalling in arms ; the
 day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when
 rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover,—heaped
 and pent,
 Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial
 blent !
-

INCIDENTS AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

frag-ments, small pieces.
in-ci-dents, events.
ter-ri-fi-ed, frightened.

ap-pall-ed, very much fright-
 ened.

1. The history of England is full of wars with France, for hardly a century has passed, since the English became a nation, without some quarrel between us and our neighbours on the opposite side of the Channel.
2. The last time England and France met in anger was at the Battle of Waterloo, in Belgium—when the Duke of Wellington defeated Napoleon Bonaparte on Sunday evening, June 18, 1815.

3. The story goes that the great Duke was once asked, who was in his opinion the bravest man at Waterloo. "I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver: he was only a private in the Artillery, but had he lived he would have been made an officer."

4. The incident on which the Duke founded his opinion was as follows. There was a farmhouse with an orchard surrounded by a thick hedge, forming a most important point in the British position, and which was ordered to be held against the enemy at any hazard and at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged round this point, but our fellows behaved well, and beat back the French though they attacked the place again and again with great fury, and once even gained a footing inside.

5. At last the powder and ball were found to be running short, and at the same time the timber in the hedges and the rubbish piled about it took fire, and the orchard was soon surrounded with a ring of flame. A messenger had, however, been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a very short time two loaded waggons came galloping down to the farmhouse, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a thin and scanty fire through the flames which surrounded their post.

6. The driver of the first waggon, with the reckless daring of an English boy, spurred his struggling and terrified horses through the

burning heap; but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded in an instant, sending waggon, horses, and driver in fragments into the air.

7. For one instant the driver of the second waggon paused, appalled by his comrade's fate; the next observing that the flames, beaten back for the moment by the explosion, gave him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smouldering breach, and amid the deafening cheers of the garrison, landed his terrible cargo safe within; while behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than before.

8. In one of the terrible cavalry charges, the Highlanders were ordered to fall back, when the sergeant who bore the colours was shot dead and fell into a ditch. The French horse were rushing down upon them, and in another moment the colours of the regiment might fall into their hands.

9. A stalwart Highlander, who saw the danger, leapt into the ditch, to take the colours from the dead man's hands. But it was in vain: the sergeant, even in death, held his colours with a grip of iron. What was to be done? There was not a moment to lose. The Highlander did not hesitate.

10. Taking up his comrade—flag and all—he lifted him on his back, and made off with him, just as the French horsemen reached the ditch. The captain of the French horse, seeing



"Taking up his comrade—flag and all—he lifted him on his back and made off with him."

the brave deed, screamed out to his men, "Halt!" Every man of the troop reined in his horse, and sat looking at the gallant Highlander; and as the brave fellow made off with the colours, they shouted out after him in French, "Bravo, Scot!"

11. At the same battle the Duke had an aide-de-camp, or attendant officer, of the name of Harvey Bathurst. The officer had had his right arm cut off, and wore an empty sleeve looped to the breast of his military jacket. Having an urgent message to send to a distant part of the field, the Duke ordered his aide-de-camp to carry it the shortest way, which lay across an open space very close to a regiment of the enemy's cavalry.

12. He instantly obeyed, and putting spurs to his horse galloped off to fulfil his errand, but before he had got two-thirds of the way he had to go, a French horseman dashed out of the ranks and rode straight at Bathurst, his drawn sabre flashing above his head, to cut down the daring messenger.

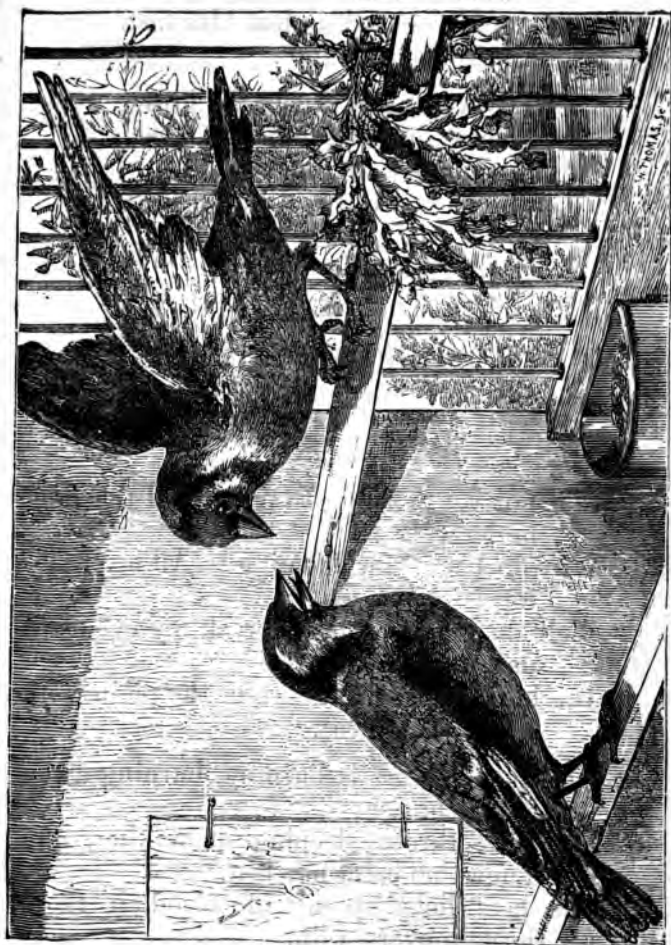
13. Bathurst's sword was in his scabbard by his side, but the arm that used to wield it was gone. And now the enemy was within a stride of his victim, and rising in his stirrups to deal the fatal blow, when, suddenly becoming aware of the officer's defenceless condition, the gallant Frenchman dropped his uplifted weapon, and lowering it to a military salute as he swept by, wheeled round and rejoined his regiment.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

sol-ace, comfort.
blithe, cheerful.

[gen-er-ous, good-natured.

1. The greenhouse is my summer seat,
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoyed the open air ;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.
2. They sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list ;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.
3. But Nature works in every breast ;
Instinct is never quite suppressed ;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between the wires.
4. The open windows seemed t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight ;
But Tom was still confined ;
And Dick, altho' his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.
5. For settling on his grated roof,
He chirped and kissed him, giving proof
That he desired no more ;



Two small birds, one of which is a sparrow, are perched on a wooden structure. The bird on the right is facing left, and the bird on the left is facing right. The background shows a wooden fence or railing.

Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till, gently seized, I shut him fast,
A prisoner as before.

6. Oh, ye who never knew the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout !
Blush, when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

LONGING FOR HOME.

swathes, bundles.

lus-ci-ous, very sweet.

be-guil-ed, led away, deceived.

Yule, Christmas. }

dree, wearisome.

gloom-ing, twilight.

in-gle, fireside. }

1. Is it not yet morning ? When will the long
night wane ?
Why do I wish for dawning ? All my wish-
ing is vain.
Well do I know, at daybreak my eyes will
only meet
The hill so bleak and barren, the plain with
its blinding heat.
2. I think my heart is burning, burning away
in my breast ;
My head throbs sleeping or waking, and
knows no calm nor rest.
The heat licks up my life-blood, it rages
through every vein,
And swifter courses the fever, through nerve,
and heart, and brain.

3. Give me a drink, dear comrade—faugh ! the
water is thick ;
Patience awhile with my fancies ; soul and
body are sick.
Ah ! could I dip my forehead, and slack my
thirst once more,
In the well so cool and mossy, beside my
mother's door.
4. Oh for one delicious draught of the breezes
fresh and mild,
That blow over the English meadows when
the swathes of hay are piled ;
When the uplands lie in shadow, and the
noon-day heat is spent,
And the air is flushed at dewfall with the
luscious clover scent.
5. I dreamt of them all last night, Ned, and
stood within the fold,
I saw the latticed window, the palings mossed
and old,
The windy elms that rustled above my bed
at night,—
The elms that brooded of winter all through
the summer bright.
6. Yet I scorned my father's meadows, the life
my father led,
The humble course of pleasure, the toil for
daily bread.
I held them dull and stupid, by my erring
mood beguiled,
Nor cared for our kindly neighbours, who had
known me from a child ;

7. For they sang of shipwrecked sailors, and
the lasting joys of home,
But I spurned their simple warning, and
longed anew to roam ;
So I set my face to westward, to the roar-
ing of the main,
I left our pleasant pastures,—would that I
were back again !
8. No letter ! still no letter ! and waiting is
long and dree ;
They are grown cold and heedless ; but
why should they think of *me* ?
I brought them care and sorrow,—the stray
sheep of the fold—
I sowed pale streaks of silver in my mother's
hair of gold.
9. And yet they *might* have written, for my
father loved me best ;
But the little days go swiftly, with work,
and food, and rest ;
Soon is the brief day ended, soon is the
morrow won,
And we leave the good work unspoken, and
the kindly deed undone.
10. But is it I that should blame them ? 'Tis
harvest time again,
And my mother has work in plenty, for
reapers are hungry men ;
And from morning until gloaming, her
footsteps quick and light
Go in and out at the threshold, and never
rest till night.

11. But when the day is ended, and the reapers
homeward go,
And she sits alone in the ingle, while the
firelight flickers low,
Then she blesses *me* with tears, Ned, who
gave her bitter pain;
And little sister Nell prays, "God send
him home again."
12. They will write when harvest is ended,
and the nights are long and cool,
And beside the blazing faggots they reckon
the weeks to Yule,
When the golden sheaves are garnered, and
the busy time is sped;
But when the harvest is ended, I shall be
lying dead.
13. I know where you will lay me, up on the
sun-bleached height,
Beside the rusty beacon, where jackals
prowl by night.
Oh, if I might but rest me in the church-
yard green and lone,
Where the neighbours' little children would
come and play on the stone.
14. You will go back to England before your
youth is past,
You will see the sheltered valley where
their happy lot is cast;
Then bless them all for me, Ned, and kiss
my mother and Nell,
And bid them think of me kindly, for in
truth I loved them well.

15. And the pleasant English valleys, and the
 lanes so green and cool,
 The mossy well, and the gateway, the trees
 beside the pool,—
 All the dear old places that I shall never
 see,
 Oh, greet them all and bless them a thou-
 sand times for me.
-

DAFFODILS.

con - tin - u - ous, without a break.	mil - ky way, a portion of the
jo - cund, jovial, merry.	sky, so-called because of the
pen - sive, thoughtful.	thick cluster of stars, barely
in - ward eye, the memory.	visible, that give the sky a
	milky appearance.

1. I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
2. Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
3. The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
 A Poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company!

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought ;

4. For, oft, when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.
-

THE FIORDS OF NORWAY.

in-un-date, to flood.

con-stel-la-tions, groups of
 stars.

eyrie, eagle's nest.

vi-brate, tremble.

glac-ier, a great mass of ice
 moving slowly down the
 valleys.

a-va-lanche, a mass of snow
 rolling down the mountains.

1. Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them.

2. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rocks, springing up in precipices from the water ; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving, sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in the

bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows.

3. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays—called *fiords*—from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine-forests which clothe the mountain-sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman, as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound in their seasons, on the coast of Norway.

4. It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars—the glorious stars which shine like nothing that we have ever seen.

5. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of

these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

6. Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes, for a hundred miles together along these deep sea-valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are the cataracts, leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks ; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit the islets ; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

7. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine-forests wakes this music as it goes.

8. The stiff leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night-wind in a Norwegian forest wakens a myriad of tiny harps ; and this gentle and mournful

music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

9. This music of course ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow ; but yet there is sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain-peak.

10. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier ; and as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

11. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two—wherever there is a platform beside the cataract, where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road, there is a human habitation and the sounds that belong to it. Thence in winter nights come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people ; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their Arctic climate, through every season of the year.



THE LOCUST.

grim, ugly and terrible.

un-wear-y-ing, never becoming satisfied.

ap-pe-tite, desire for food.

Van-dals, an ancient German nation that conquered Spain and N. Africa.

Huns, a race of Tartars, small in size, who came from Asia and conquered many parts of Europe.

Goths, an ancient German nation that conquered Italy.

mon-arch, a sovereign.

pre-vents, hinders.

ter-ri-ble, fearful.

des-o-late, waste barren land.

des-erts, waste lands.

pros-trate, lying at length.

coast, border.

ra-ven-ing, eager for plunder.

1. The locust is fierce and strong and grim,
And an armèd man is afraid of him :
He comes like a wingèd shape of dread,
With his shielded back and his armèd head,
And his double wings for hasty flight,
And a keen, unwearying appetite.

2. He comes with famine and fear along,
An army a million million strong;



"For they come like a raging fire in power,
And eat up a harvest in half an hour."

The Goth and the Vandal, and dwarfish Hun,
With their swarming people, wild and dun,

- Brought not the dread that the locust
brings,
When is heard the rush of their myriad
wings.
3. From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
Where the lions roam and the serpents breed ;
Far over the sea, away, away !
And they darken the sun at noon of day :
Like Eden the land before they find,
But they leave it a desolate waste behind.
4. The peasant grows pale when he sees them
come,
And standeth before them weak and dumb ;
For they come like a raging fire in power,
And eat up a harvest in half an hour ;
And the trees are bare, and the land is
brown,
As if trampled and trod by an army down.
5. There is terror in every monarch's eye,
When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh,
For he knows that the might of an armed
host
Cannot drive the spoiler from out his coast,
That terror and famine his land await,
And from north to south 'twill be desolate.
6. Thus, the ravening locust is strong and
grim ;
And what were an armed host to him ?
Fire turns him not, nor sea prevents,
He is stronger by far than the elements !
The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,
And he darkens the sun at noon of day !

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

1. Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.
2. All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end ;
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
3. The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess.
4. The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth !
5. All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will !
6. All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain !
7. We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

8. The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
 9. The distant mountains that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.
 10. The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
 11. Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.
 12. Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain.
-

VIRTUE.

1. Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.
2. Sweet Rose ! whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

3. Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes ;
 And all must die.
4. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.
-

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

con-flag-ra-tion, fire.
 dis-ser-ta-tion, discourse.
 neg-li-gence, carelessness.
 neth-er, lower.
 con-ster-na-tion, great
 trouble and perplexity.
 in-i-qui-ty, wickedness.

Pe-kin, the capital of China.
 pre-tence, sham, make-believe.
 sim-ul-ta-ne-ous, all at once.
 pre-mon-i-to-ry, beforehand.
 re-tri-bu-to-ry, for punish-
 ment.
 oc-cur-red, happened.

1. Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw, and that the art of roasting was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

2. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left the cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, a sorry make-shift of a building, what

was of much more importance, a fine litter of pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

3. Bo-bo was in much consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

4. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble the smell of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

5. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!*

6. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he

licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat, when his sire entered, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

7. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

8. "You graceless young dog, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your tricks, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what; what have you got there, I say?"

9. "O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he had a son who should eat burnt pig.

10. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of

Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; oh, do taste!" cramming all the while as if he would choke.

11. Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son sat down and despatched all that remained of the litter.

12. Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time; and Ho-ti, instead of chastening his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

13. At length they were watched; the terrible mystery was discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced,

when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

14. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy,—against the face of all facts, and the clearest charge that judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of *Not Guilty*.

15. The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went secretly and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction.

16. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would soon be lost to the world.

17. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in the process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery

that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then began the first rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Sir John Moore was commander of the English forces in Spain in 1809. Forced to retreat before a larger number of Frenchmen, he at last beat them at Corunna; but fell, mor-

tally wounded by a cannon-ball.

ram-parts, the walls around fortified places.

nar-row bed, his grave.

reck, heed.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave of the hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,

- But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,



- That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !
6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !

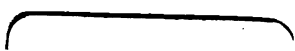
7. But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for
 retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not
 a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory !
-

THE VOICE AND PEN.

1. Oh ! the orator's Voice is a mighty power
 As it echoes from shore to shore—
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men
 Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What burst the chain far o'er the main,
 And brightens the captive's den ?
'Tis the fearless Voice and the Pen of Power—
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !
 Hurrah !
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !
2. The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
 And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee, " No arms have ye—
 Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear !
Your hills are ours ; with our forts and towers
 We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants, beware ! for the arms we bear
 Are the Voice and the fearless Pen !

3. Though your horsemen stand with their
bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around—
Though your matches flare in the midnight
air,
And your brazen trumpets sound ;
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men ;
And they'll quickly say, "Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen ?"
4. When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead *spoke*, and the universe woke—
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless Pen,
And the chains accursed asunder burst,
That fettered the minds of men!
5. Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust ;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore, we triumphed before,—
With these we'll triumph again ;
And the world will say, "No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!"
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!





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